

THE WORLD TOMORROW

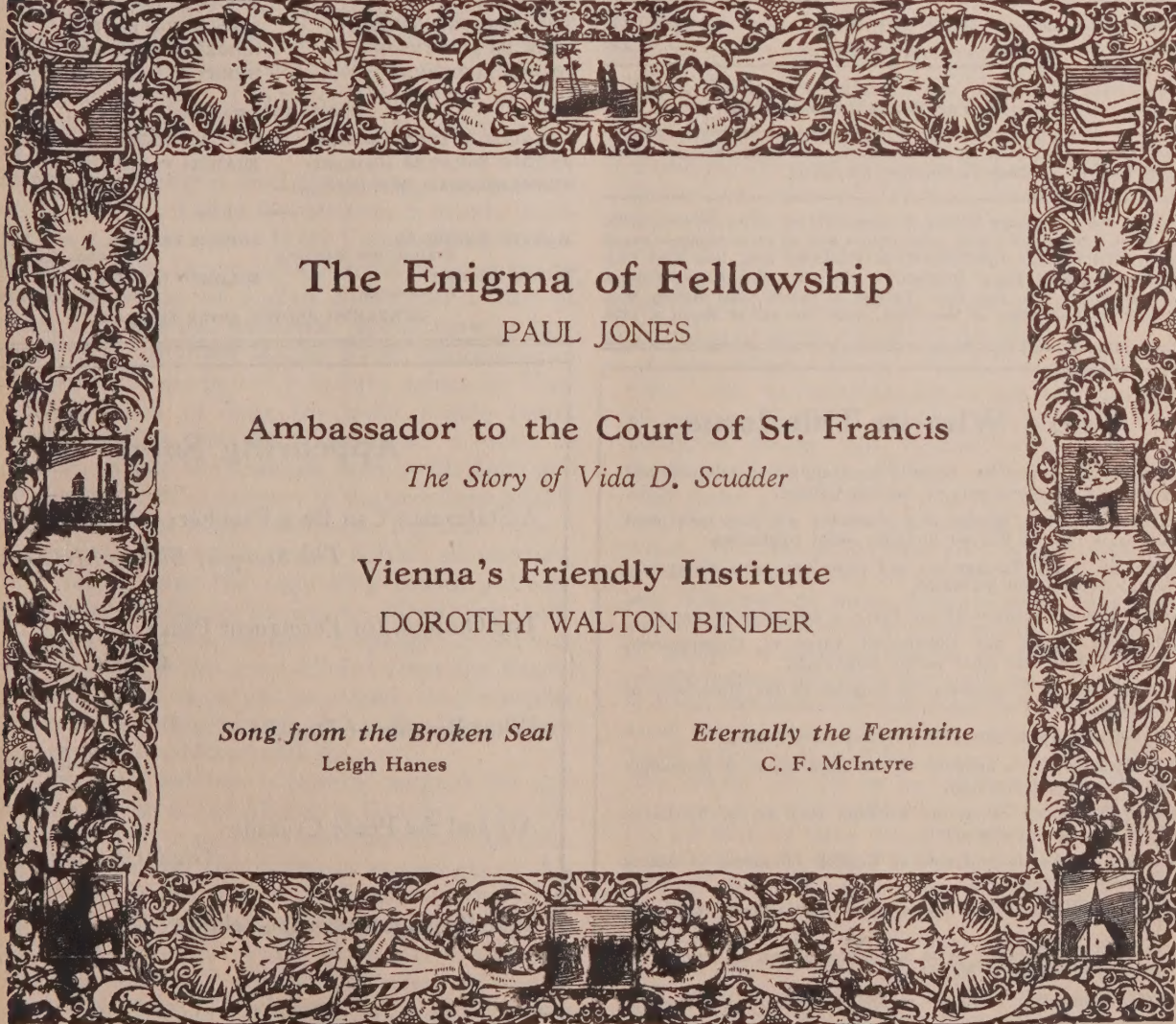
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. XIII

AUGUST, 1930

No. 8



The Enigma of Fellowship

PAUL JONES

Ambassador to the Court of St. Francis

The Story of Vida D. Scudder

Vienna's Friendly Institute

DOROTHY WALTON BINDER

Song from the Broken Seal

Leigh Hanes

Eternally the Feminine

C. F. McIntyre

THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.
52 VANDERBILT AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The World Tomorrow

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Who's Who in This Issue

Bishop Paul Jones has recently been appointed religious adviser to the student body of Antioch College.

Dorothy Walton Binder is a journalist who has spent considerable time in Europe studying social conditions.

Irwin St. John Tucker has had experience as a clergyman, social worker, and journalist.

Leigh Hanes is editor of the *Lyric*, a magazine of verse.

Colette M. Burns has contributed verse to *Commonweal*, *Harp*, *Sunset*, and other poetry magazines.

C. F. McIntyre is professor of English in the University of Wyoming.

Ralph Cheyney is editor of *Contemporary Vision*.

J. J. Spengler is a member of the Department of Economics at Ohio State University.

Alfred D. Moore is on the editorial staff of the Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati.

Jeanette Marks is professor of English Literature at Mount Holyoke College.

Elizabeth Webb is radio secretary for the League of Women Voters.

Henry P. Van Dusen is an assistant professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

R. W. Abernethy is on the faculty at Hill School, Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

E. W. Houlding, formerly a missionary to China, is a minister in Benicia, California.

The World Tomorrow, Inc.

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A Statesman Can Be a Prophet:

The Story of Bishop McConnell

The Outlook for Permanent Peace

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What Became of Dora?

Anonymous

Art and the Peace Crusade

Gladys E. Meyerand

War Propaganda in the Schools

Mark Starr

Thus I Have Become Old

Frank Schwartzman

The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

Vol. XIII

August, 1930

No. 8

Editorials

Death Before Birth

Death before birth is the chronology of the Simon Commission Report. The Commission itself barely survived the paralyzing boycott by infuriated nationalists who bitterly resented the exclusion of all Indians from its membership. The unfortunate offspring died of malnutrition and racial poison. Its demise is sad but salutary.

We say the Report is dead because we simply refuse to believe that the Labor Government is utterly bankrupt of ideas and courage. If the Commission's recommendations are as far as Great Britain is prepared to go in the direction of Indian autonomy, a day of mourning for "the lost dominion" should now be proclaimed. The proposed Round Table Conference in October will also die before it is born unless the Viceroy and Secretary of State for India quickly assure Indian nationalists that the Government is ready to travel miles beyond the terminus fixed by Sir John and his colleagues. Semi-autonomy in the provinces subject to British veto on major decisions, together with a loose national federation under British domination, will not satisfy even the right-wing Indian patriots. One by one the moderate leaders are identifying themselves with the civil disobedience campaign. If the men and women now in jail are excluded from the Round Table Conference or refuse to attend, that assembly will prove to be a tragic fiasco, should the Government be blind enough to proceed with it.

No permanent solution is possible without the participation and support of Mahatma Gandhi. That the British officials have seriously underestimated his influence is now apparent. An illuminating sidelight on this point is found in the article on Gandhi in the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, published in March of this year. The writer of the article, a former lieutenant-governor of one of the Indian provinces, says that after Gandhi's release from prison in 1924 "he was no longer a power to sway the masses . . . and his more recent incursions into politics have been ineffective . . . he expected too much of human na-

ture. . . . His endeavor to unite Hindus and Moham- medans lacked sincerity . . ."

Yet the response to Gandhi's appeal has far exceeded all expectations. Not the least of the surprises has been his ability to reduce violence to an absolute minimum. When the intensity of the nationalists' desire for freedom and the almost intolerable provocations to which they have been subjected are taken into account, it is nothing short of a miracle that so few outbursts of violence have occurred. Indeed, the self-control which enables Gandhi's followers to refrain from retaliation even when physically assaulted by the police is awe-inspiring. Mr. Negley Farson, special correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, gives the following vivid description of an experience in Bombay:

Crash! Whack! Whack! Whack! . . . At last the crowd broke. Only the orange-clad women were left standing beside the prostrate figures of crumpled men. Congress volunteer ambulances clanging bells, stretcher-bearers running helter-skelter across the field. Whack! Whack! Whack! One's anger flamed at the sound of those *lathi* blows. Then came a band of fifty Sikhs and the most amazing scene I have ever witnessed. The Sikhs, as you know, are of a fierce, fighting brotherhood. . . . These Sikhs were Akalis of a fanatic religious sect. They wore the *karpan*, or sacred sword. And with them were fifteen of their young girls and women. . . . Coming from all districts as representatives of the fighting punjas these splendid looking Sikhs swore they would not draw their *karpan*s to defend themselves—they would not leave the field—and, be it noted, they did not! "Never, never, never!" thy cried to the terrific delight of their Hindu brothers in swaraj. "We will never retreat. We will die, we will die." I cannot describe it—but such fanaticism made one feel sick. The police felt so, too, and hesitated before hitting the Sikhs. They asked their women to leave the field. "No," said the women, "we will die with our men." It was terrible. Mounted Indian policemen who had been galloping across the field whacking heads indiscriminately, came to a perfect stymie when they faced the little cluster of blue Akali turbans on the slender Sikh men. "The Sikhs are brave men—how can we hit them?" It was not fear but sheer respect. But the police, determined to try to clear the field, at last rushed around the Sikh women and began to hit the men. I stood within five feet of the Sikh leader as he took the *lathi* blows. He was a short, heavy-muscled man like one of

the old Greek gods. The blows came—he stood straight. His turban was knocked off. The long black hair was bared with the round topknot. He closed his eyes as the blows fell, until at last he swayed and fell to the ground. No other Sikhs had tried to shield him, but now, shouting their defiance and their determination to die rather than move, they wiped away the blood streaming from his mouth. Hysterical Hindus rushed to him bearing cakes of ice to rub the contusions over his brown eyes. The Sikh gave me a bloody smile—and stood up for more. And then the police threw up their hands. "You can't go on hitting a blighter when he stands up to you like that." For two hours these unbelievable scenes went on. . . . The Sikhs had told the police that if the police left first they would leave too. The police did, and at 9 o'clock the survivors of the Sikhs, not one of whom was not covered with blood stains and with some part or another of his clothes torn, led the triumphant procession of Gandhi's non-violent congress followers down the streets. The injured in the hospitals must number several hundred, some seriously hurt from the wounds of *lathi* blows. No police were touched.

When people desire freedom passionately enough to suffer in this way in order to achieve it, they cannot long be restrained. To say that the Indians are not adequately prepared for self-government is true—and quite irrelevant. Ready or unready, the articulate leaders of the Indian people are demanding autonomy and will not be denied. Few patriots in history have waited until they were well equipped for self-government. For the Simon Commission to concentrate upon the difficulties and barriers to be overcome and to boast that not a single line of its report was rewritten because of recent events is to display almost unbelievable dullness. A generous offer of complete dominion status within the near future would probably save the situation. But for Britain to muddle along in the hope that the Commission's recommendations will hold back the advancing tide of Indian resentment and determination is to insure the not distant separation of India from the Empire. Because we still have confidence in Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Irwin, we believe that the Simon Commission Report is dead.

Decisions—Good and Bad

"To an extraordinary degree legal thinking dominates the United States," declare Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis in their important work, *The Business of the Supreme Court*; "No other country in the world leaves to the judiciary the powers which it exercises over us."

Recently a number of significant decisions, either by courts or legal officials, have been made which profoundly affect American life. Most obvious, perhaps, is the refusal of Governor Young, in California, to free Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, basing his decision on a report of the California State Supreme Court regarding Billings. Governor Young's state-

ment is as forced as any document would be which for class reasons attempted to do a dirty deed and justify it by phrases cloaked with pseudo-tolerance. But the Court's decision on Billings is even stranger. If Billings did not actually share in committing the bomb outrage of 1916, then certainly he must have known who did do it, and he has not turned up the guilty murderer! It begins to look plain that a labor leader of radical tendencies must not only prove his innocence, but must hereafter discover the real criminal or go to jail himself. The assumption seems to be, in part, that someone, at any rate, should pay the penalty for a crime, and until the right one is apprehended it is well to hold to a suspect even though his guilt be open to some doubt. Meantime the fight to free these men will assuredly go on. The more the evidence is studied, the more one reads the exact wording of the Governor's decision and the Court's findings, the surer one becomes that the whole case has been from the first a frame-up and a deliberate, continued exhibition of rank class prejudice. Many of those most intimate with the original prosecution have changed their testimony and have reversed their first opinions, including jurors, judge, witnesses, and court observers. Legal students of sober and detached viewpoint have expressed their conviction of these men's innocence over and over again. And equally sober observers from all parts of the Union will only wonder what good is a press-agented climate in the midst of such brazen flaunting of justice. California's shame will be press-agented, too. And if the affidavit of John MacDonald, the waiter who swears his identification of the imprisoned men was false and instigated, does not move Governor Young, it will prove beyond anyone's doubt the guilt of California.

Of importance, also, though not perhaps as much as might be thought at first glance, is the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals to admit to citizenship Dr. Douglas C. Macintosh and Miss Marie A. Bland, both Canadians. As is well known, Dr. Macintosh refused to pledge himself to participate in any and every war declared by the United States Government, and would not fight unless he thought the war were just. Miss Bland would not bear arms in any war, though willing to nurse wounded soldiers in battle. The Circuit Court reverses the previous decisions of the lower courts. In making the test for citizenship thus square with the fact of the Kellogg Treaty, the Court has done much to eliminate the standards set up by superpatriots and has given a body blow to the unethical slogan, "My Country, Right or Wrong." Yet after all is said and done, neither Dr. Macintosh nor Miss Bland would interpose any serious obstacles to a war-making administration. When information is choked off and

propaganda wide open, the job of persuading professors to support of the war, provided they believe in "just" wars, is about as easy as Frederick the Great once ironically declared it. And in our judgment to refuse to bear arms but to aid a war by nursing troops under army auspices has about as much to do with war prevention as the practice of certain war objectors in the World War, who were released from the draft and allowed to remain quietly in their Mid-Western homes where they produced high-grade army blankets "for the duration." On the other hand, to people of such sincerity as Professor Macintosh and Miss Bland, who with much greater outward ease could have remained silent about their deep convictions, the Court's ruling will come as a hopeful augury and a heartening vindication.

Our readers will hail with appreciation the decision of Attorney General Mitchell that courses of military training in Land Grant colleges, under the so-called Morrill Act, are optional—that is, a college need only make such courses available to any students desiring to take them. This ruling will bring especial relief to the increasing number of college undergraduates who rebel at taking military drill on grounds of conscience, for it appears to give final confirmation to the view long held by leaders in the fight against compulsory military training. Great credit belongs to the University of Wisconsin, which in 1923 went ahead and made its military courses optional, and which was later sustained by the Department of the Interior. And great credit, in particular, should go to the valiant Committee on Militarism in Education, which from its humble but alert office in the Bible House, New York, wages a relentless and constructive struggle on behalf of American youth.

The Government Goes Jim Crow

During the past several months groups of mothers whose sons perished in the late crusade for democracy have been sent to France at Government expense, there to console themselves for their bereavement of ten years ago by gazing upon the neat stone crosses which a considerate War Department has set up in memory of its victims. These "Gold Star mothers" have been organized into groups arranged for the most part on a geographical basis—all, that is, but one group. The exception has been the colored mothers who, regardless of the state they come from, have been herded together for a special and exclusive Jim Crow voyage. No one with a spark of good sportsmanship can blame these mothers for resenting such an insult. Fifty-five of them addressed a petition to President Hoover objecting to this color segregation and declining to make the pilgrimage under such humiliating conditions. Their letter reads in part:

When the call to arms came from our Government in 1917, mothers, sisters and wives, regardless of race, color or creed, were asked to give their loved ones to the end that the world might be saved for democracy. This call we answered freely and willingly. In the years which have passed since death took our loved ones, our anguish and sorrow have been assuaged by the realization that our loved ones who rest in the soil of France gave their lives to the end that the world might be a better place in which to live for all men, of all races and all colors.

Twelve years after the Armistice, the high principles of 1918 seem to have been forgotten. We who gave and who are colored, are insulted by the implication that we are not fit persons to travel with other bereaved ones. Instead of making up parties of Gold Star mothers on the basis of geographical location, we are set aside in a separate group, Jim Crowed, segregated and insulted.

We appeal to you as Chief Executive of our nation and as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to issue an order abolishing this unjust ruling. If you as President of the United States refuse to abolish this ruling, we respectfully decline to make the trip to France, preferring instead to remain at home and retain our honor and self-respect.

We might draw two morals from this tale: In the first place, is the world ever made "a better place in which to live" by reason of a war? Can good ever come from evil? Granted that the colored women gave freely of their sons and brothers during the years 1914-1918, is it not a bit naïve for them, as it is for any other women, to assume that the end of the war to end all wars would usher in a new era of freedom, liberty and genuine brotherhood? As for the protest they have addressed to the Chief Executive, we admire them for doing it. Race pride and self-respect are motives which no government has a right to disregard, least of all one that was "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." The Government of the United States should be too big to stoop to such a thing as running Jim Crow liners. It will be interesting to see whether President Hoover's reputed lack of race prejudice is genuine and sincere or whether the bugaboo of lost Southern votes will lead him to evade the issue by the familiar political device of lying low and saying nothing.

Score One

First of the great gains to the American workingman promised if the tariff bill went through was the cut of ten per cent. in the wages of workers and officials by the Chrysler Corporation. Wider wage cuts throughout the automotive industry, still unorganized and not well paid, are being considered and will doubtless soon be made. Hawley is happy; Smoot is back from his honeymoon. The docked workers may now look forward with grateful appreciation to 1932, when they will have another opportunity to vote for Republicans and Democrats, the tariff twins.

The Enigma of Fellowship

PAUL JONES

DURING the last two generations we have heard much about "nature, red in tooth and claw." However, many thoughtful people are today coming to the conclusion that nature is not as red as she has been painted, but only pink. When it comes to taking life ruthlessly man has beaten nature at her own game a thousand times over. One has only to read such a book as *Marching Men*, which is the story of war since the beginning of time, to recognize that man's propensity for killing has increased as he has gone up the scale of civilization. Nor is it only war that shows how deadly man is in his relationships, for the way he has used and destroyed his fellow human beings through industrial exploitation is a sad sequel to that story. People may suggest that we have developed our charity and social service to unprecedented degrees as we have gone along. True; but the amount of human reclamation that is being done can never catch up with the growing mass of destruction still being carried on. The situation is much like that of the Red Cross during the World War. The more active and successful the work of that organization was, the more it meant that additional men were simply being patched up to go back into the mutual destruction.

We have heard much of the idea of the survival of the fittest, and many have come to believe that it is an inexorable law of nature rather than a description of what has been observed to happen under certain circumstances. In that way people have come to believe that man must strike down his fellow men in response to some dominant inner urge. In a word, we have rationalized false deductions from Darwin in order to provide an excuse for what is essentially inexcusable. As a matter of fact, there is no biological necessity for nations of men to attempt to destroy each other, any more than there is for different races to attempt to exterminate each other. Instead, the whole development of life on this planet points to a greater necessity for men to work together in order to fortify themselves against the difficulties of nature.

We are not logical even in the phrases we use. We talk about self-preservation being the first law of nature; yet so many people who concur in that belief condemn birth control, which may often mean the salvation of individuals and families. While we echo "self preservation," we endorse war which means essentially the destruction of the most fit individuals that have been produced. Further, while attempting to repeat that phrase, we uphold the necessity of com-

petition in the industrial world, even though we know that it is responsible for poverty, under-nourishment, unemployment and a terrific waste of human life. We have become, it seems, victims of a false idea.

Having accepted the notion that conflict is necessary to human life, we wonder why we cannot get the fellowship that fundamentally most of us want. The result is that life for many people is inwardly a congeries of unfulfilled desires, thwarted hopes and ambitions, while outwardly it is characterized by the conflict which we have set up between so many different groups in response to a false logic. In some ways uncivilized tribes have come nearer to reaching a real adjustment in life where their ordinary needs and desires are provided for than we have in our boasted sophistication. As Dr. John Herman Randall, Jr., has latterly warned us, we have not brought our culture up to the point of meeting all the changes that modern science and invention have introduced into our lives, and the result is that we are generally frustrated.

IN spite of the gory history of our race, however, it is possible to see exhibited in human life a fundamental urge toward fellowship. Indeed, the very conflict which is going on all the time often illustrates the fact that what people want more than anything else is fellowship. Almost every week one reads in the paper of some man who has killed a girl he loves. His desire for her has been thwarted and he kills her because he loves her. It is usually suggested that he is insane when he does that, and perhaps he is; but that is what we all do much of the time. We start out to civilize and Christianize the Indians in this country, and the result of our efforts is practically to render them impotent. A few years since, the Allied nations went into the War with the idea of protecting Belgium, and the result of their efforts was a greater destruction of life and property in Belgium than could have been carried out by the enemy had they not been thwarted. The same contradiction is expressed in a line from the song of the doughboys in the Philippines thirty years ago: "Underneath the starry flag, we'll civilize them with a Krag."

Another phase of that perversity of human life was manifested last year at the time of the sinking of the *Vestris* when the cry was raised, "Women and children first." They were put into the first boats but without a sufficient number of sailors, and the result was that more of them were drowned than of the

crew. A few years ago we were sending additional marines to Nicaragua to protect American lives and property, and American lives began to be lost only after the marines arrived. Millions of people participated in what they called "a war to end war" and discovered that, in spite of the sincerity of their efforts, the seeds of war were more firmly planted the world over.

STRANGELY enough in most of these enterprises people wanted to find a deeper fellowship or desired the good of their fellow human beings; they wanted to help and had no intention whatever of adding to the death and destruction in the world. The same thing has been generally true in our industrial life. Those who have built mills and factories have often been kind, well-intentioned people; yet somehow, in spite of their aims, evil has been wrought. The more urgently we have tried to gain fellowship, the further we have put it from us. But the desire is there.

Apparently our ideas have not been large enough. We have seen only part of the problem and have not planned sufficiently to meet it. It reminds one of the cartoon of two dogs tied together, with two plates of meat on opposite sides of them. As long as each tried to get his own plate of meat, they merely pulled against each other and neither was satisfied. When they adopted a larger idea and worked together, they were able first to eat up one plate of meat and after that the other. So long as we are fed on the fears which have been built up due to our isolation from each other, or our struggles against each other, we are doomed to defeat. We are constantly producing new groups of people among whom fear of others looms as the largest thing in life. Consequently, we try to protect ourselves, or think we do, against those of other nations, other races, other economic groups, or other religions. But what we succeed in doing is merely to blind our eyes to the possibilities open to us if we thought in terms of working together.

IN spite of these discouraging aspects of the situation, there are things happening all the time which reveal our capacity as human beings to get together. People can fight only so long; sooner or later it is necessary for them again to attempt the experiment of living in harmony. This last year has witnessed some notable incidents which reveal the fact that ultimately any snarl can be untangled. The dispute between Peru and Chile over Tacna and Arica, after separating those two countries for years and defying the attempts of the United States to work out a solution, has finally found adjustment. Bolivia and Paraguay, having renewed an ancient quarrel by open fighting, at last yielded to the importunities of other American

republics and the League of Nations and have agreed to settle their differences. The Hague Conference, seemingly brought to a stalemate by Mr. Snowden's objections, finally agreed to the Young Plan for settling European finances. The larger European nations which for ten years had declined to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court have, under England's leadership, now fallen into line. Though we had been told that liberal causes were dead in this country, a new interest in old-age pensions has shown itself together with renewed efforts to abolish capital punishment. Despite the fact that our Secretaries of State have piously refused to recognize the existence of the Soviet Republic, business has formed increasing connections over there, and it is only a question of time as to when the State will follow suit.

Mankind, after all, is pragmatic in its tendencies. When we find that a certain course of action doesn't pay, we change it. But it takes a lot of convincing before people are sure that a course to which they have pledged themselves does not bring proper returns. Sooner or later, however, we yield to the inevitable, give up our cherished notions of fighting each other continually, and set about ways of living together in harmony. The tragedy of it is that we might have tried team work from the start and thus have avoided all the pain and loss that come from the long experiment.

FROM these considerations it follows that there are some things which we cannot do profitably and others which we may. The most obvious thing is that the use of violence against any group, no matter what the occasion that seems to make it necessary, usually postpones the solution of the difficulty. It tends to fix in the group that is approached with violence their ideas, their prejudices, and their fears. It drives them to defend to the bitter end things which a different method might have led them to give up. Another thing that appears to emerge from such a consideration is that our idealistic teaching is after all a pleasant but harmless diversion. It encourages those who believe in the principles that are being taught, but it is to the same extent entirely ignored by those who do not believe in them. It is unreal and it has a value poorly proportioned to the efforts that are put into it. It is quite possible that preaching and teaching by word of mouth have accomplished little more than to increase the satisfaction of those who have been engaged in doing them.

What does stand out, however, and what may give us most encouragement, is the fact that as soon as we bring people into understanding contacts with each other, new things begin to happen. I would emphasize the word "understanding." It is possible to bring

groups of people into contact with the result that the contact merely provides occasion for new outbursts of antagonism and prejudice. Where, however, such people who have different ideas, different prejudices, and different ways of doing things, can be led into some kind of genuine coöperation, a process is thereupon set in motion by which prejudices and antagonisms tend to fall away. It is along this line that inter-racial forums and commissions have done excellent work throughout the Southern states, when people of different races have come together, without giving up any of their fixed ideas, to plan for some of their common community needs. Before long new conceptions of each other's worth and sincerity emerged.

The labor movement has been a fruitful field for experimentation in this same direction. Much of the time labor has fought capital, and the result of that process, aside from the gains and losses of the fight, has been a growing inability on the part of each to understand the other. Where, however, some form of collective bargaining has been set up in place of the collective bludgeoning, the tendency has been to replace fighting with coöperation. Many of the devices that have been put into operation, perhaps simply as a sop to labor, have proved to be first steps in new understanding. Profit-sharing and employee participation in management, while not panaceas in themselves, have had a value in bringing separated groups into working relationships with each other—relationships which seem more likely to lead to an intelligently directed control of the productive process by all the people concerned.

IN the international world this principle has had an astounding demonstration in connection with the League and the General Pact for the Renunciation of War. During its early days the League of Nations was attacked or defended according as people thought it would or would not prove to be a form of super-government. The passage of ten years has shown that it was not and could not be such a government, but that in being a meeting-place where diplomats of various countries could get together and discuss their mutual problems, even if they did not reach terms, something had been set up which was doing far more to change the international relations than could have been accomplished by a super-government. In other words, these pieces of political machinery have served not so much to solve political problems as they have to remove prejudices, allay fears, and dispel ignorance, all of which is necessary if the urge for fellowship among the nations is to find free expression.

The same result is beginning to be manifest in that difficult field of church relationships where prejudices, or perhaps one should say loyalties to one's convic-

tions, are even more deeply rooted than in the political world. When people of different churches work together on common projects, they discover a capacity for team work and common action which the logic of their relative positions would tell them was impossible.

WE face the strange paradox that men and women everywhere really want fellowship and yet, because they are tied to so many separating slogans, they do not know it. It happens, too, that many efforts which have been made aiming to develop friendship have produced its opposite. Even when people have some sort of fellowship, they often protest against it. Many of us believe that fellowship is fundamental in Jesus' teaching; yet most Christians repudiate it when they are faced with the particular application of fellowship to concrete problems. Jews object to it because they think it is Christian. Christians object to it because they think it is radical, and radicals object to it because they think it is too tame and mushy. But all the time each group is really needing that coöperation and team work and understanding that comes when people have learned to work and think together.

If we are going to satisfy the human need for fellowship, there is one major thing to do: we must build new relationships. As we begin to live in terms of those new contacts, we find that prejudices alter, old faiths change, and dogmas which seemed axiomatic tend to disappear. In other words, the very act of living together releases new capacities for harmonious development. Then indeed we begin to realize that we are sharing in the creative work of God. Creation is seen not as the logical myth of the theologians, creation *ex nihilo*, but rather as the adaptation of old things to new uses—which is the only way of bringing new things into the world. As we recall those words of St. Paul, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new," we again catch the meaning of what it is to build new relationships.

Until recently we had thought that men's characters were fixed, that you had to take them as they were; but now we have found that that is only true as long as you leave them in certain situations. Put those same individuals in new combinations and no one can predict the possibilities that are opened for a larger and fuller life. When the time comes that we match some of these more recently discovered truths to our knowledge of the impulse toward fellowship, which is fundamental in the human race, then we shall begin to know the possibilities contained in the word "redemption." A world rebuilt because it has been introduced to itself in new terms is the hope that stands before us as we open the way for larger fellowships.

Ambassador to the Court of St. Francis

*The Story of Vida D. Scudder**

"IDEAS rather than people," Miss Scudder often tells her young disciples, "seem to me important." One wishes to respect her preference, but it is not easy to compose a biographical sketch of the ideas and omit the provocative personality. For Miss Scudder, it must be admitted, is a paradoxical person. Daily she resolves that difficult problem, existence as a socialist in a capitalistic state, by the same grace that allows her character to unite aloofness and ardor, caprice and austerity, mysticism and shrewd common sense. A puzzle to those who know her by hearsay, she appears to those who acknowledge her guidance as something of a miracle. They are abashed before one who rebukes them like an Old Testament prophet and loves them like an early follower of Saint Francis.

Accepted as comrade in several groups of radical and religious thinkers, she regards herself, first of all as a writer, and next, as a teacher of English literature. The teaching, which held her for forty years in the Department of English Literature at Wellesley College, began casually enough. While youthfully uncertain about a choice of occupation she was persuaded by an old friend of the family, Professor George Herbert Palmer, to take a position at the college of which his wife had been president and which he always supported with his loyal interest. To the teaching of English literature Miss Scudder says she gave during her professional life her concentrated attention; she has, moreover, loved the work. From the first she must have been an extraordinary teacher. She gave her classes heavy assignments and saw them accomplished; scrupulous to avoid making application of principles, she nevertheless often set her pupils to active work in social reform; most frequently of all, these young women who assembled before her several times a week grew more continually aware of the delicate shades of integrity, of courtesy, of wise and noble living. It is difficult to believe that anyone who has sat at her academic feet has not developed a desire to make life, socially and individually, more admirable. Now that she has retired from college teaching her home is frequented by alumnae who feel impelled, upon revisiting Wellesley, to run down to Miss Scudder's for advice about all sorts of problems and for congratulation on their triumphs.

THE group which claims Miss Scudder as teacher is a large one, but other roads to her door have carried almost as many disciples. "I have never brought out any book," she has said, "that did not bring me friends." And it is a long shelf that holds her volumes. Many had their origin in the classroom, college lectures that demanded a larger public. *Social Ideals in English Letters* runs parallel to one of her most popular courses. *The Witness of Denial*, a study of the nineteenth century agnostics, is something of a companion volume to *The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets*. *The Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory is more than an entrancing guide to mediaeval romance, and *The History of English Literature* sweeps the whole academic field. Selections and editions bear her name as well—Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* and *The Works of John Woolman* in the Everyman's Library, *English Poems* in the Lake English Classics, Macaulay's *Lord Clive*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Poems of George MacDonald*, and *Selections from Ruskin*.

Apart from studies in English letters Miss Scudder's thought runs chiefly in two channels: the religious psychology of the past, and the necessity and means of achieving social justice in the present. It is her contribution to modern thought that she is able to make these streams mingle. A translation and edition of the letters of Saint Catherine of Siena, mystic and reformer, published in 1905, was followed two years later by an historical novel of the same time, *The Disciple of a Saint*. The period of the early Franciscans has been Miss Scudder's field of recent literary work. Three years ago she paused by the way to publish *Brother John, A Tale of the First Franciscans*, and is now almost ready to issue her large history and interpretation of the first hundred years after the death of the saint, *The Franciscan Adventure*. To those who know Miss Scudder it is not surprising that these books on mediaeval sainthood have almost as much to do with modern social theory as have those whose titles indicate that she is dealing with contemporary problems: *Socialism and Character* and *The Social Teachings of the Christian Year*. Of them all, *Socialism and Character* is her favorite. In her own opinion this study of Catholic theology as the source of socialism contains her best thinking. She adds lightly, "Of course it was funny, and of course people didn't like it." And of course this statement must be taken with

* One of a series of sketches of pathfinders to a new society, published anonymously to permit greater frankness. Reproduction limited to 300 words.

an ample pinch of salt. The book may not have run into many editions but it was of such importance to some who read it that it changed or confirmed irrevocably their course of life. One young man, who was about to start on a canoe trip through unexplored Russia, copied it out on onion-skin paper that he might have it at all times conveniently on his person.

The solution which Miss Scudder offers the sick soul and the sick world is one which curiously combines the old and the new, the traditional and the radical, the mystical and the practical. It is a paradox and, like all paradoxes when understood, an illumination. Briefly, she believes the panacea of social and personal evil to be Christian Socialism, or, since that term has become obsolete, and "socialism" itself has undergone several transformations, she would perhaps prefer "social justice revealed by Christian dogma." The phrase used for the new school which she has a share in directing under the auspices of the annual Episcopal conference at Wellesley is "Christian Social Ethics."

A synthesis of a tendency towards social radicalism with a demand for spiritual impulse is not uncommon in either radical party or church. The man of religious temperament concerned with personal ethics finds it easy to dismiss social problems with the conviction that if all men led blameless lives the trouble originating in social conditions would disappear. The radical, impatient with the previous blindness of the church to injustice and oppression, refuses to believe that any help can come from a Christian institution. It is Miss Scudder's belief that each needs the other. To her the way out is less by proletarian revolution than by the quickened sensitiveness of intelligent people. Although she has read Marx and been enlightened by his analysis of the situation she has never endorsed the idea that a class struggle was inevitable or proletarian revolution the only means towards the establishment of a new order. She believes that the impulse of social sacrifice pervading the Christian Church must coöperate with the righteous self-assertion of the working people in the development of any socialist commonwealth which shall be stable. That is, she explains further, she has always believed that a psychological transformation must accompany any drastic change in social institutions while at the same time no such transformation is authentic unless it produces such change.

HAPPILY today Miss Scudder does not find her point of view quite so unusual or so isolated as it was when she first developed it. To some extent, perhaps, because of her own efforts there are now in good working order many small groups in

harmony with her synthesis and to which she can give freely her energy. Chief among these is the Church League for Industrial Democracy, an organization in the Episcopal Church which is working for closer contact between Church and Labor, and for the quickening of social interest—the impulse of social sacrifice and social reconstruction among church people. Of this Miss Scudder is an officer, as she is of the League for Industrial Democracy and several other similar groups. But further questions about her place with those engaged in striving for reform will bring forth only a shake of the head. "I do not know how to give the impression," she says, "of my own entire obscurity in these organizations."

If Miss Scudder calls her place low it is because she wishes to make it seem so. Speaking of another matter she has said that to choose the lowest place in any group is a matter rather of good breeding than of virtue.

"It is the law of life," she said—and she did not add "that the meek shall inherit the earth." It is characteristic of paradoxical natures that their humility can be sustained by pride. Yet although based in some instances upon its contrary this humility may be true. So integral a part is it of Miss Scudder's attitude that during the War when she was asked to compose a prayer for the Episcopal Church she incorporated the words of Saint Paul, "in honor preferring each other" as a petition for the allied nations, and was a little regretful when they were struck out.

Incidentally, it is impossible, in such a sketch as this, to ignore Miss Scudder's reaction to the Great War. Hers was an intellectual, almost an academic reaction. She accepted the War, as did some other Socialists, seeing the struggle as the inevitable result of the anti-social system of international anarchy under which the world was rushing toward Armageddon. In her mind there was no hatred, no intolerance, and no weakness. If this attitude was disappointing to her pacifist admirers, it was equally unsatisfactory to the War Department which found itself obliged to keep a careful watch over this lover of St. Francis.

BORN of New England parentage, she very likely caught from her father a fiery idealism and a taste and equipment for mental and spiritual battle. At the peak of missionary fervor David Coit Scudder consecrated his life to the hazardous task of converting the heathen. Immediately upon his ordination he set sail with his young bride for Southern India. Here his daughter was born and here his life came to a quick and tragic close. Eager to return to his wife and baby after a journey made to distant villages in the rainy season against the

advice of his native guide, he attempted to swim a turbulent river and was drowned. Mrs. Scudder immediately took her child to America to be brought up, as she had been, in Boston. There was the fashionable girls' school, the instruction in the arts, and always (then, at least) the company of lofty minds. Her two uncles in the world of books, Horace Scudder, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and E. P. Dutton, the publisher, may early have encouraged in her the literary talent that developed with the flowering of the mind. Often the mother and daughter were abroad.

The Girls' Latin School of Boston, of whose first class she was a member, brought her sharply against the reality of the class-room and sent her eager mind running in prescribed paths. In 1880 she entered Smith College. Here for the first time, gathered with a group of young women her own age, she learned that "individuals can be as exciting as cathedrals." Forgetful of time she sat up after the retiring-bell, discussing with her best friends the meaning of life and the intricacies of personality. She was one of an ardent little group. Looking

back upon those days Miss Scudder has been amused to recollect how she reorganized a course in English literature, which had rather tentatively been inserted by authority in the midst of a classic curriculum, to serve as intensive study of the Lake Poets. Still more amused Miss Scudder grows when she thinks of the sort of person she was then—in her own words, "an impossible intellectual snob who ignored all persons unfamiliar with the works of Alfred de Musset."

American colleges did little in the eighties to turn the eyes of young ladies toward the actualities of an increasingly industrial society. One teacher at Smith, to be sure, Professor J. B. Clark, made in his classes the social approach. But it proves how unprepared was the mind of the student that Miss Scudder, although she admired and honored the teacher, found the point of view at that time bewildering.

It was natural that this enthusiastic young graduate should crave study in foreign countries, and at Oxford University she enrolled for Ruskin's last course of lectures. Already she knew well his criticisms of art and was in sympathy with his sensitive and moral judgments. But like the rest of the world she thought it a "pity that he had turned to crazy social theories." Listening at length to that "vital, wistful, appealing, arresting" personality she saw, beyond the pathetic ruin of his broken mind, an intelligence and an attitude that sent her to his social writings and a consideration of the appalling economic conditions of the age.

READING *The Fabian Essays* shortly after her study with Ruskin converted Miss Scudder to socialism, a position from which she has never wavered although the content of the word has varied with the decades. It was no easy humanitarianism, no flood of weak pity, which moved her to take this stand so distasteful to the friends of her early environment. It was not the oppression of the people by an unjust economic situation which caused the rebellion of this fastidious member of the intelligentsia. It was the unreasonableness of the situation itself. Of the poor and unfortunate she knew but little. Of logic she knew a great deal. As an intelligent young woman, possessing a college degree, she felt it necessary to protest against such prevailing stupidity.

How to protest was a problem. To the group of Smith graduates, aflame like herself with social passion, there seemed available nothing more than personal means of protest. Encouraged by the work being done at London's Toynbee Hall, they proposed to create a similar settlement in America managed by the women of the colleges. Adult education, an opportunity for under-privileged people to share in the



From an etching by Bernard Sanders

VIDA D. SCUDDER

advantages of culture and training, was their hope. Temporary relief for those in need was merely incidental to the importunate desire for opening the eyes of those sitting blindfolded by their complacent culture. In the same year that Jane Addams opened Hull House, these young women, joined soon by representatives from other colleges, established in Rivington Street, New York, which before had offered as community centers only the dance-hall and the saloon, a gracious home where they played hostess and neighbor to all who longed for the amenities of living.

Looking back today, that first College Settlement seems like the dream of some Victorian poet. Yet the sentimentality, which to contemporary eyes seemed to envelop the movement at its beginning, is due not to the attitude of the first earnest workers, but rather to the books written about them in a period which put a premium on sentiment. The young workers were met less by unreal approval than by actual disapproval from their frequently exasperated parents. Unsupported by church or organization which their elders considered respectable, they were forced to depend upon their own courage and sense of duty for a justification.

THE justification is, we may believe, complete. There is less need now for the settlement as a benevolent institution. But to Miss Scudder the settlement never was benevolent. To her it was a means of improving an economic system not by giving charity to one class but by "paying the debt owed by the privileged to the dispossessed." "My practical association with working people has not been on philanthropic lines," she has said; "I sought it for myself and others because I felt sure contact at first hand with industrial conditions and under-privileged people would not only quicken the social compunction of any intelligent and sensitive college woman, but would lead to conviction of the need for drastic social reconstruction. I wanted people set free from the prison of class."

Denison House in Boston, during the years she was teaching, was the center of her most intense social interest. For ten years she sustained in this college settlement for women a club in the Department of Italian Relations which provided lectures by Italian scholars and recitals by musicians, and fostered an interest in folk handicraft. Miss Scudder rejoices in the remembrance of its success as a "revelation of the rich contribution that other races can make to American life." Drawn to the group because of her studies of the saints she gained from it an insight into national character and a knowledge of the national tongue. The way in which her talks were received at first bewildered her. The audience, though courte-

ous and sympathetic, seemed much amused. "I know I make mistakes," she finally exclaimed, "but please tell me why you laugh so much." "Signorina," a woman answered, "you do not speak Italian. You speak Latin." She had been speaking in the mediaeval idiom of Dante.

The class-room and the public platform are the places where Miss Scudder's most striking natural talent is readily apparent. Here, in intimate communion with abstract ideas, which she regards as so much more important than people, her excitement is contagious. For Miss Scudder is an exceptional speaker. With no display of conventional oratory she yet casts a spell over her audience which puts them in her power before they realize what has happened.

LONG she has been interpreting Italy and Italy's saints. She has lived in the Siena of Saint Catherine; with her she has gone on perilous pilgrimages of social reform; like her, one supposes she has known the experience of the mystic. To the modern world, a world that prides itself on a modernity of tangible earthliness, she has dared to offer the teachings of Saint Catherine and Saint Francis. To a world to which she would bring a more effective social justice, an opportunity for greater happiness to a greater number, she offers the cult of the unimportance of all personal happiness. And yet, the absurdity on the face of the paradox is often a measure of its common sense. What was once accepted as spiritual discipline often remains as practical guide. It is no new unproved theory that the gospel of unworldliness may save the world.

Like the ironic twist of a parable, Miss Scudder's life appears to be recompensed with all those things she most scrupulously has renounced. Personal happiness, on principle a negligible part of existence, seems to dog her footsteps. Refusing to avoid any troublesome issue, her mind, nevertheless, meets such issues halfway and resolves them often before they have become defined. She who is most serious about the condition of mankind, who profoundly searches unrevealed motives, who preaches a doctrine indefatigably austere, often indulges in a fascinating capriciousness. She loves to surprise, to play with her mind; occasionally, it must be admitted, to tease and shock. It is this quality, combined with her wit, that makes her conversation so enchanting.

Play is the manifestation of those who are free. Joy is a condition of spiritual grace. "*Per crucem gaudium*"—through the cross, joy—Miss Scudder tells those of uncertain stamina. Her strength, her capacity for resilience, are drawn from a reservoir deeper than that of solitary conviction—the great body of garnered faith.

Vienna's Friendly Institute

DOROTHY WALTON BINDER

ON a hot day last September I wandered into Vienna with my two perspiring youngsters and a Baedeker. We had come to spend the winter while the other member of our family was in Russia. We didn't know anyone in Vienna and our combined German was somewhat rocky. We needed all sorts of things, chiefly a place to live and a good school.

Vienna seemed big and confusing after our sojourn in a peaceful Swiss village, and looking for houses and schools was a discouraging proposition. Then someone at the International Friends' Center suggested going to the Austro-American Institute of Education. "They know all about schools anyhow," I was advised. So I went.

I was greeted in English by a member of the staff in such a friendly fashion that my weary spirits immediately rose. I was informed about all sorts of schools, private as well as public; a long list of possible dwellings to rent was also put at my disposal; one of the secretaries telephoned for appointments with houseowners and before many hours elapsed I had found an ideal place in the suburbs for the children and myself to spend the winter.

A few days later when I went to the village schools to inquire about entering the children, I found that the principals and teachers had already been forewarned by the Institute of my coming and the children were welcomed and introduced to their classmates so tactfully that few adjustments have been necessary.

Later, when I wanted to do some studying myself, I found the Institute ready with all sorts of advice. They knew the best resources for art, music, and languages, and they went to great lengths to find us an Italian teacher. If I had been interested in medical fields either physiological or psychological, they would have given me the same service. However, as my interests were more general, the Institute obtained permits for me to visit many of the extremely progressive public schools, model tenements and the numerous social institutions for which Vienna is justly becoming famous. All of this as if I were doing them a favor by bothering them with my numerous troubles and questions! Such altruism and hospitality toward Americans one doesn't find too often in Europe. I was both curious about the welcome I had received and grateful for it. So one day I went to the Institute with a new batch of questions. "Please tell me about yourselves," I asked.

The Austro-American Institute of Education, I

learned, was founded through the enterprise of Dr. Paul L. Dengler of Vienna in the spring of 1926. Dr. Dengler, inspired by the international movements in the United States aiming at the promotion of friendship and good-will among nations, conceived the idea of a cultural center in Vienna to serve the same purpose. Beginning in the summer of 1927, as a result of plans worked out by the newly created Institute, American visitors to Vienna found a summer school at the University conducted on American principles which gave them not only the opportunity of learning the German language but of studying art, history, education, and political and philosophic problems under the best experts in Austria. They found, as I did, at the Institute headquarters, friendly people with information and ready advice on every conceivable subject.

Austrians likewise discovered that the Institute created a number of opportunities for contact with American life. Arrangements were made for a number of Austrian teachers to teach for a year in American institutions, and a group of ten technical and agricultural students were sent to America to work in our factories and on our farms in order to become acquainted with American methods and the American spirit of coöperation.

Since that first summer in 1927, the Institute, affiliated with the Institute of International Education in New York, has steadily developed the scope of its work until this year it is offering American visitors an intellectual fare as rich as it is varied. Besides the courses in German language to be held at the University of Vienna, there will be three special seminars on education, social welfare, and art, beginning July 1. A lecture course on topics of general interest such as the history of Austria, Austrian art, and German literature has also been arranged. The lecturers include Dr. Alfred Adler, well known to Americans, Clemens Kraus, director of the Vienna opera, Professor Groll, pupil of Franz Cizek, and several well known university professors. Conducted trips to social institutions, schools, kindergartens and museums, as well as excursions to the many lovely and historical spots in the vicinity of Vienna are a part of the program. One of the features of these courses which will attract travelers whose time is necessarily limited is the possibility of registering by the week.

Music has been added this year to the rest of the feast prepared for Americans by the Institute. Practical as well as theoretical courses are offered in

Vienna by such eminent teachers as Paul Weingartner. Those interested in rhythmic may have a month's English course at the Hellerau school just outside Vienna in the castle and grounds of Laxenburg during July. The Institute also has affiliations with the summer music school at Salzburg where professional training in all fields of orchestral practice is given in English during the period of the Salzburg festivals from July to September.

While Americans are profiting from all the interesting things Vienna offers them, Dr. Dengler will be in the United States giving lecture courses at the University of California summer school, and some

fifteen Austrian students on fellowships will be studying in American universities and colleges.

Austria is today a tiny country. It is still a grave question whether she can survive economically. There are some Austrians who spend their days and nights merely regretting the past. But there are many others—and such are the members of the Austro-American Institute of Education—who face a changed world with courage. They have a new ideal for Austria—to make her the cultural center of Europe, a help and model to the Balkans seeking contact with western culture, and a spiritual supplement to the materialistic life of America, in short, "the interpreter of two worlds."

St. Stephen's Is a Little Church

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

IT is a wooden structure hardly more than a shack, and it stands in an obscure and far-out-of-the-way nook of roaring Chicago. It is hard to find because the streets nearby swirl suddenly into a six-sided tangle of car-tracks crossed by a wide avenue full of thudding busses, so that all directions fail and one must proceed by instinct and faith.

But to this little wooden shack, for many years abandoned out on the prairies which surrounded it, artists and poets and musicians make pilgrimages at least once a year. Along its walls hangs a growing collection of gifts—poems, etchings, paintings, woodcuts, watercolors, wood-carvings, casts of statuary—presented by the creators themselves.

And the grounds around it, once a dumpheap full of old boots, rusted tin cans, cluttered newspapers, and fluttering rags, have become a garden—the Garden of Memory. In it every tree and every flower stands as the remembrance of some beloved life or some consecrated event.

It is the Little Church at the End of the Road—St. Stephen's, Avondale. A country road somehow surviving in the midst of the city's clamor starts nowhere in particular and winds up at the front of the church. The Poets' Church, as it has been called since its adoption by poets and poetry lovers, is also becoming known as the Artists' Church, since that fraternity undertook to make it the depository of memorial gifts.

All these things began with the death of Keith Preston, beloved conductor of the Hit or Miss column in the Chicago *Daily News*. Before that, Preston had been professor of Greek literature at Northwestern University, and was one of the country's best known literary reviewers.

SOME six years ago, four of us—Preston, J. U. Nicolson, better known as "The King of the Black Isles" from the sobriquet under which he first published his poems, Charles G. Blanden (who wrote under the name of Laura Blackburn) and I met at dinner at the Cliffdwellers. We decided it would be a brilliant idea to hold an annual dinner of column contributors so that we might look upon one another in the flesh.

A year later the first such event was held in King's Restaurant—now, alas, defunct but in the day of Charles Smedberg's glory famed between the oceans for its planked whitefish, a dish on which to dream pleasantly. Poets and epigrammarians flocked to this first fiesta, greeting with ohs and ahs and bursts of applauding laughter the first sight of one another's faces.

Similar events followed annually. Other column bands held like festivities, and the custom grew.

Among the contributors there happened to be members of this little forsaken church, who had clung loyally to it year after discouraging year. They invited me to come over and visit them. When I first saw this dilapidated structure, my heart went out to it as the heart of Francis did to the Portiuncula. I have been there ever since.

I was ordained in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, largest and richest on the continent. Our boast at St. Stephen's is that it was the smallest and the poorest, remembering with St. Paul that "God hath chosen the weak things of this world, yea, and things that are not."

Shortly after my first visit, Keith Preston suddenly died. On the first anniversary of his death, we decided to hold a memorial service, and invited his for-

mer contributors to attend. They came in large numbers bringing as offerings the gift of their best poetry.

Preston's dearest claim to fame was the encouragement he gave young bards. Counsel and advice were offered and taken in friendly, humorous fashion. So we started a Keith Preston memorial library of first editions of poetry.

In the crowded little structure that night a purpose was born. Warm approval met the proposal for an annual memorial for poets. There were artists in the gathering who said, "Why not remember us also, and ours?" There are great names in Chicago in the world of sculpture and painting.

ON a May evening of the following spring, when the air was warm and alive with the stir of growing things, we held a memorial to the artists we had known. A clump of bass-wood trees was dedicated to them. And the Palette and Chisel club named a committee of its members to obtain paintings, etchings and bits of sculpture to treasure in our Gathering of Gifts. Why wait until one is dead to consecrate one's work?

In June, on the Sunday nearest St. John's Day, we held the second Poet's Memorial. Meanwhile we had planted trees, roses, tulips, and many other growing things in the Garden of Memory. We dedicated four Poet trees—a mulberry tree to Keith Preston and an apple tree each to Joyce Kilmer, Marguerite Wilkinson, and Grace Healy Woodruff, who died on her honeymoon in Paris. To this dedication, poets brought poems, and artists brought paintings, and they were all laid upon the altar as gifts to the creative spirit, from which all things of beauty come.

Large trees already growing about the church we dedicated to great names: two poplar trees out in front to Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley; two poplar trees on the side to Longfellow and Whitman; a mountain ash standing close by the church steps to Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras.

The idea grows steadily. The *American Poetry Magazine* is to send its prize-winning poem of each month to be placed upon the walls.

WHAT is new about all this? What is the idea developing into? This: it is our testimony to the continuity of inspiration. To say that God ceased speaking when the Bible was completed is to say that God is dead.

There is but one source of inspiration. Whatever is true comes from that source. A poet who sings truly today is inspired by the same breath that inspired David, Isaiah, Paul, and John. There can be no religion without song. To the melody of songs the Israelites moved across the desert and into their inheritance. To the exultant strains of David's hymns they smote down the Philistines and established a kingdom. The

early church sang its way across the Graeco-Roman empire. St. Francis named his followers "joculatores Domini"—minstrels of the Lord. Luther's songs had much to do with the spread of the Reformation.

Neither can there be religion without art. Profound conviction expresses itself bodily and tangibly, to sight as well as to sound. Painting, sculpture, architecture, drama, music have in their age and degree been mediums of that expression of profound conviction.

But if these things are true, quite as true and even deeper is the fact that there can be no art without religion. To be intelligible, art must be the expression of a profound conviction, shared by many. Any such conviction, deeply held by a number of people, is religious.

We have just passed through the artistic flowering of the dogma of individualism in which the doctrine, by "self-expression," showed its true ugly inwardness. In poetry this became the jabbering evoked by the phrase "capturing of a mood." Absurd manifestation followed upon absurd theorem. In art it became vorticism, expressionism, and other cults quite self-contradictory.

We have seen, by the *reductio ad absurdum*, that to be worthy of immortality through art, an emotion must be lasting, permeating, deep-rooted, and widely held. This means it must be a religious emotion. For this reason American art runs so largely to landscape. "All Americans are pantheists" said Alfeo Faggi once.

So with the artists present, we hang upon the walls of St. Stephen's paintings of sunsets, of trees, of lakes, of flowers. They offer etchings of bees, dragon flies and butterflies. Only once in a while is a more or less Scriptural subject offered. Sometimes it is a bas-relief of girls bathing. Our faith is that anything God made has a right to representation within the church.

What about the poetry? Must it be religious? Yes—in the sense that it must be sincere. Love poems are there because marriage is sacred and therefore Love is sacred. Sincerely agnostic, even sincerely atheistic poems are there. God loves an honest doubter, as was proven in the case of St. Thomas.

SUPPOSE every church should regard it, as we do, a matter of pride and loyalty to accumulate paintings, etchings, woodcuts, of local themes by local artists—trees, hills, streams, fields, flowers of the immediate vicinity. Suppose each such church said of these, "God made the world beautiful: we honor Him thus through His works. He maketh the outgoing of the morning and the evening to praise Him; therefore a picture of sunrise or sunset is an act of devotion." Would this not sponsor a rebirth of civic self-respect?

Would it not force upon all its members the conviction that beauty is one of the aspects of the Eternal, equal with Truth and Goodness?

Every community of any size has a teacher of art. In most cases the teacher has eating away at the heart a consuming ambition for recognition of attempted expressions of beauty. Would not an artistic renaissance begin to flower if this recognition were given?

"The pictures would be in many cases bad," you say. They could not possibly be worse than the stereotyped ecclesiastical ornaments now in vogue. Why hang colored prints of scenes in Palestine before the children, as though beauty and truth were limited to the land of the Hebrews? Why continue to perpetrate stained-glass windows full of meaningless jumbles of mediaeval symbols whose significance has been forgotten?

Poetry meets the same objection. "We could not get good poetry," some might say. Poems offered

for hanging on the walls could not possibly be worse than the average sermon delivered from the pulpit. In every high school pupils are taught the flowing majesty of English verse and then find nothing that can be done with the art they have learned. Why not present their verses—immature and lacking polish though they might be—as offerings in testimony to the continuity of inspiration?

St. Stephen's is a little place. We do not want it to get much bigger, although we are under the necessity of making it fireproof to protect the gifts that are beginning to accumulate.

But the day of the greatness of big things has passed. Cathedrals can never be as big as commercial office buildings. Therefore they should not try. The day of the greatness of little things is beginning to dawn; the day of small colleges and of little churches, near and very dear, which stand to offer refreshment of spirit in the repose within their Gardens of Memory, at the end of the road.

Song from the Broken Seal

LEIGH HANES

BOOM Boom Boom Boom

Through the piston and the wheel,
Through the motor's whirl and hum,
To the last unbroken seal—

Boom Boom Boom Boom

From the tribal gods that sprang
From the fear of foe and fang,
From the fear of man and beast—

Boom Boom Boom Boom

From the fetish and the feast,
From the seed and sacrifice,
From the victim's staring eyes—

Boom Boom Boom Boom

Through the piston and the wheel,
Through the motor's whirl and hum
To the last unbroken seal—

Boom Boom Boom

I have come! I have come!

Rip the sard and break the seal!

Praise the God I cannot see!
Praise the God I only feel
In the leaf's green syncrasy,
In the petal, in the wheel . . .
Through the brain and through the breast
He is riding east and west,
He is riding north and south
Through the harvest, through the drouth—
Oh, a tall white horse is prancing
Where the jungle feet are dancing,
Where the Druids chant and sing—
In the ritual of the wing—
Over dunes and down the dim
Dawning of Ikhnaton's hymn—
Oh, the sands that burn and sting!
Bearing up and bearing on
From the Nile to Babylon
Till the candles gutter out,
Till Nabonidus is gone,—
Ho! Isaiah, shout! Shout
From the mountain and the fell,
Shout Jehovah to the seas
Though they take the hand of Bel.
Hear it troll and dip and swell
Through the leaves that lip the breeze
Till Asoka digs a well
At the gates of Benares,
In the dust of Benares. . . .

Praise the God I cannot see!
In the red blood, in the green,
In the urge that's lifting me
From the dark Oligocene. . . .

Through the brain and through the breast
He is riding east and west . . .
Through the sistrum, through the gleam
Of the Alexandrian dream
Till the Roman spear is thrust—
Through the circle in the dust!
With the measure and the scales,
With the toga and the crown,
With the traveler breaking trails
Through the little trading town—
Praise the God I cannot see!
Praise the God I only feel
In the eyes that stare at me
From the net beneath the heel
Where the thumbs are pointing down!
I can feel him in the stir
Of the flag that bears a cross,
In the mangled worshipper,
In the flotsam and the dross
Of the human sweep and surge—
In the plague and in the purge!

Praise the God I cannot see!
He is hiding through my brain,
Up the cells that build the tree
Through the rhythms of the rain. . . .

Shout the paeon of Isaiah
From Tibet across to Maya—
Ho! the wells that slake the thirst!
All that Mo Ti ever taught,
All that Plato ever thought,
All Archimedes ever wrought,
And the last shall be the first!
I can hear him drawing rein
Near the waters of the Seine
In the brain and in the breast,—
I can see the white horse prance
In the eyes that gleam and glance
To the east and to the west,—
Strike the stigma from the brow!
Turn the trenches with the plow,
Clean the scepter—break the chain
From the adytum and fane,
From the gamin in the street,
From the larder wheels deplete
Till the brain is turning brute
From the hunger in the face
And the eyes upon the fruit!
Oh, he's speaking in that place
With the light about him spun

In an arc from out the sun!
Shout Hosanna! They are one!
They are one! They are one!
They are one against the foe
That goes tramping to and fro
In the darkness of the mind—
They are one to seek and find
Every spark the brain has fanned,
Every talent in the hand
From the hormone in the bland
To the cells that build and bind!
Oh, the shackles man can break
When the Christ-love stirs awake,—
With his grip upon the poles,
On the tide that dips and rolls,
On the clouds that foam and flake!

Shout the paeon—through the night
Wings a Zeppelin of Light!
Praise the ritual! Praise the rite
For the mustard seed of truth
In the tortured flesh and pain
Of the Juggernaut or both
Till the Cross shall rise again!
Till the greater Self shall reign . . .
Over bolt and over bars,
Over law and creed and scars
Till the only living wars
Are the wars in blood and brain,—
Till the only living wars
Are the wars against the Night
In the mind and in the heart—
Till the Man himself is Light,
Oh, the Man is living Light
And the hidden foes depart!

Command to End War

*S*OUND your booming drums, O sea,
Blow your silver trumpets, wind!
With needled breath and ribboned flesh
Strain to scale the cliff. Enmesh
The storm-winged one, the lightning-eyed
Whose screaming echoes in the wide
Blue chasms. Blunt the beak and tear
Away the talons. In the air,
Scatter pinions. Stay the drop
Upon the sheep that nibbling, crop
The grass. Their entrails, otherwise,
Would lie along the ground, a flies'
And maggots' feast. Assault, dispel
The shadow, feather grown, that fell
Upon the earth in midnight stain
Again . . . again . . . again . . . again.
COLETTE M. BURNS

Not in the Headlines

Notice to Taxpayers

The estimated cost of the American occupation of Haiti up to the present time is \$21,000,000.

Prosperity Hits Arizona

A lowering in the price of copper is reflected in a 10 per cent. slash in the wages of miners and a corresponding reduction in the salaries of officers of copper mining companies in Globe and Bisbee, Arizona.

Voltaire Menaces Boston

Over the head of the Collector of the Port at Boston, Voltaire has been vindicated and *Candide* pronounced safe for the morals of the American people. The Bureau of Customs of the Treasury Department at Washington has recently instructed the Boston official to admit the book to entry.

Greater Support for Catholic Missions

An increase in evangelical ardor among Catholics is reported by the World's Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Since the consecration of Pope Pius XI in 1922, Catholic donations for missions have increased from 24 to 66 million *lira*. The United States alone during the year 1929 contributed 26,797,000 *lira*.

From City to Farm

Between the years 1921 and 1929, 14,000,000 persons in the United States left farms and small towns for the city. During the same time, 8,500,000 persons migrated from city to farm. Census figures, which are available only for the years 1920 and 1925, indicate that the net loss of the farm population since 1920 has been 3,800,000. The total number of persons in farm families was estimated to be 32,076,000 on January 1, 1910 and 27,222,000 on January 1, 1930.

The White Man's Burden

Emile Vandervelde, Belgian Socialist leader and former Minister of Foreign Affairs, has brought serious charges against government officials for mistreatment of natives in the Belgian Congo. M. Vandervelde, quoting President Orts of the Congo Red Cross, asserted that Negroes were forcibly recruited for public labor even when in a dying condition. Mortality figures among the natives reached 128 to 144 a thousand, which was almost equal to the casualty rate in Belgium during the World War.

Statistics on Barbarity

A bulletin of the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment reveals that California, with the largest number of executions for the first two months of the current year, has the highest homicide rate in the West and one of the highest in the country. With every state heard from for January and February, except Louisiana and Mississippi, there were thirty executions in the country—11 of them in the South, 10 in the North, and nine in the West. In three states, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Wyoming, there have been no executions in more than ten years.

Southern Educator Wins High Recognition

The Spingarn Medal, awarded annually to an American citizen of African descent for distinguished achievement in some field of human endeavor, goes this year to Henry A. Hunt for twenty-five years of devoted service in the education of Negroes of rural Georgia.

The High Cost of Killing

The World War to date has cost the United States approximately the gross sum of \$51,400,000,000, according to figures released by the Treasury Department on the thirteenth anniversary of the declaration of war by this country. War costs and the annual bill for defense make up about 66 per cent. of all government expenditures.

One Chance in a Hundred for Peace

For each \$100.00 appropriated for militaristic purposes the Canadian Parliament has been asked by Agnes MacPhail, to spend \$1.00 in the cause of peace. The money so raised would be used to establish a chair of international relationships in each of the universities of the Dominion. Miss MacPhail, lone woman member of the House of Commons, is Canadian correspondent for THE WORLD TOMORROW.

Bigger and Better Lynchings

The records compiled at Tuskegee Institute, as given out by Dr. R. R. Moton, show that since January of this year the number of lynchings has been more than twice that reported for the same period of 1929. The total so far for 1930 is nine, Texas alone contributing three, as against a total of four for the first six months of 1929. South Carolina's second victim of the year marked the 163rd lynching in that commonwealth since records have been kept.

Sea Birds Endangered by Oil

The Students' Congress which met recently at Cambridge, England, has unanimously appealed to the League of Nations to give its attention to the destruction of sea birds all over the world by the discharge of oil waste from tankers. The Congress suggests as a remedy an international law making it compulsory for ships to use mechanical separators which automatically strain the oil from the bilge water. Several companies have already installed such separators on their ships.

Double Citizenship Relaxing?

A dispatch from the Stefani News Agency in Rome declares that arrangements are being made to guarantee all Italians abroad exemption from military service on returning to Italy, without regard to their age or length of stay. The one exception to be made is in the case of those returning as minors who, at the time they are summoned for service, have resided in Italy for more than two years. The statement says that of the 7,542 Italians resident in America who returned to Italy during the first three months of 1930, none was obliged to do military service.

Boycotting American Movies

PAUL K. WHANG

TO the average American China is some obscure, mysterious and uncivilized place. Through various sources the people of the States have come to think of the Chinese people as a nation of rat and scorpion eaters and a country where the white man is maltreated and murdered by bandits and kidnapers. So it has come about that whenever a Chinese is portrayed on the screen he is depicted as a dope fiend, gambler, murderer or something equally bad. Being far away from China, the public has nothing better to do than take these misrepresentations at their face value.

The last instance of such a misrepresentation on the part of a film producer was in the case of Harold Lloyd's first all-talking picture, "Welcome Danger" which had a brief but sensational run at metropolitan theaters recently.

In American films, wherever a Chinese character is introduced, he must be an ugly-looking creature with queue hanging down his back, and his role is always a personage of the underworld; wherever any Chinese plays are adopted, they are laid in the Chinatowns of American cities, and featured with rowdy scenes in the chop-suey houses, in the fan-tan joints, and in the opium dens. It is true that Chinese had queues under the Manchu rule, but to portray the present-day Chinese as such is a misrepresentation and ridiculous. It is also true that the average Chinatown has evil characters who have made themselves notorious by participating in Tong fights; but it must be remembered that Chinatown is only a settlement of low class Chinese people, and that the life of these settlers can in no way represent Chinese life as a whole. Moreover, besides some evil characters, most of the settlers are peace-loving, law-abiding, and hard-working people, far from being as bad as the American films would make us believe. One wonders why, if Chinatown is really such a Mecca of evil characters, the American government does not banish them from the country. Thus to exaggerate the evils of Chinatown on the screen will not only arouse the ire of the Chinese people, but will reflect no good upon the reputation of the American government. Furthermore, there is a host of Japanese actors, who, being of the same race as the Chinese, are usually hired to play the parts of Chinese personages in the films, and whose speciality is to misrepresent the Chinese for the benefit of their own country.

On a great many occasions during the past few years the Chinese people have protested against this misrepresentation in American films. When Douglas

Fairbanks was at Shanghai last year, many Chinese personally protested to him regarding the misrepresentation in his picture "The Thief of Bagdad." Being tired of making any further protests, the Chinese have now resolved that if they have no authority to prohibit the production of pictures of such a nature, they at least have the power to ban them in China.

THUS it came to pass on the night of February 23, when Harold Lloyd's "Welcome Danger" was playing in the Grand Theater at Shanghai, a Chinese returned-student named Hung Sung rose from his seat and addressed the audience to the effect that the picture was anti-Chinese and therefore unfit for his countrymen to see. Prompted by Mr. Hung's speech, a crowd of 350 strong rushed to the box office and asked the return of their money. This incident has aroused a great sensation among the Chinese people, and the Chinese press has devoted columns and columns to its discussion. As a result of the agitation, this picture has been banned from being shown in Chinese territory. Furthermore, a resolution was passed on February 27th at a special meeting of the Shanghai Special District Kuomintang that Harold Lloyd must apologize for having offended the dignity of the Chinese people in his first talking picture, and that if he does not comply with this request, all his future pictures will be banned in China.

That Harold Lloyd's picture "Welcome Danger" is branded anti-Chinese is not without reason, as in it we have again seen the Chinese people playing the parts of kidnappers, gamblers and opium-smugglers. The whole story of the picture is built upon the theme of opium-smuggling, with scenes laid in San Francisco's Chinatown. Throughout, the picture portrays nothing but the evils supposedly existing in Chinatown. The film is the worst of its kind ever imported into China. Any Chinese who have seen this picture will instantly be incensed at Harold Lloyd, irrespective of the fact that the noted king of comedy has long been the idol of Chinese movie fans. The producer of this picture seems to have his plot conceived on the much-advertised Kao Yin's opium scandal. With Kao Yin's case still fresh in the memory of the American public, this picture will undoubtedly prove to be a big hit in the United States. Unfortunately Harold Lloyd, though his picture might reap a good profit in America and in some other foreign countries, will lose much of the popularity he has gained among the Chinese people.

IT is generally conceded that the motion picture of today wields a great influence over the public mind, because it reaches the people of every class and every race. Its influence is even considered as being greater than that of the newspapers, because mere words are not as expressive and convincing as pictures. For a newspaperman, the first requisite is to tell the truth to the public. Therefore a film producer's mind should be likewise free from any prejudice and influence. However, many of the American film producers, who are eager to provide new fun and thrills for the public, have always been under the spell of picking up the evils and peculiarities of other countries and magnifying them on the screen for the entertainment of their public. Thus we have often been told that the people of certain countries have found cause to boycott some American films. Even in Shanghai we have seen many such unpleasant happenings in the last three years. The British protested

"Broken Blossoms"; the French boycotted "Beau Geste"; the Italians burned "Street Angel"; and the "Volga Boatman" drew the wrath of White Russians. Since many other nations have voiced their objections to these misrepresentations in the American films, why should China, whose misrepresentation is the worst of all, restrain its temper without making a murmur?

We have been told that all the films in America before being released to the public must first pass the review of the Board of Film Censors, which is composed of political and business leaders. Therefore it is our profound hope that henceforth the American film censors in reviewing the films should always keep in their minds this proverb: "Do not do unto others what you wish not others to do unto you." It should also be remembered that a picture properly made will do much to promote international goodwill and friendship. (*The China Weekly Review.*)

Eternally the Feminine

C. F. McINTYRE

IT seems, somehow, an established convention to consider women as a race apart. They have been a fertile source of income to magazine writers, and the public has been bombarded with discussions of whether women could or should be educated, whether they should soil their fingers with political dirt, whether they should smoke and cut their hair. The idea that the feminine individual might decide these questions for herself, as the masculine individual does, apparently fails to occur to those who have her welfare at heart. "Man" as a masculine abstraction is seldom heard of, but "woman" serves as text for many a sermon.

To be sure, we have made some progress in considering a woman as a person, not as a fragment of a sex. But we have still a long way to go. Too many masculine critics have not moved far beyond the position of Doctor Johnson in his famous comparison of a woman preacher to a dog walking on his hind legs. "The wonder is not that she can do it well, but that she can do it at all."

It is, however, pretty generally granted that women *can* be educated—at least to a certain point. The latest topic for consideration is whether they ought to be. More than one recent article has debated—with gravity worthy a more practical issue—the question, Can intellectual women be happy? Tied up with this in the minds of many is the further query, Can an unmarried woman be happy?

Now, there appears to be, in the first place, some

slight confusion in terms. An intellectual woman is not necessarily, I suppose, an educated woman, though in these days of free education an intellectual woman will usually seek it. She is a person who has an intellect, and if she has an intellect she can hardly help using it. To discuss whether we shall try not to produce intellectual women might introduce elements of biology and eugenics that would stagger the scientists.

The real point at issue is whether the woman of superior mind will be happy if she devotes herself exclusively to family life, unhappy if she uses her mental powers upon some other form of social activity. And this issue is no simple one of true or false, black or white; it is complicated by many modifying circumstances.

It is generally assumed that the most genuine happiness is not possible in human life unless sexual experience is normal and complete, unless one has the companionship of a mate and the developing interests of children. This is probably true, for both women and men. But is the converse true? Does the satisfaction of these instincts alone assure happiness? One has only to look about one's own somewhat limited circle of friends to find the answer. Constant adjustment, of course, furnishes activity, and activity is necessary to life. But happiness? How many couples do we know whose companionship is real, whose interest in each other and in their children is satisfying and permanent? They are so rare

that when we find a marriage of that sort—a marriage which is an end in itself—we celebrate it as a marvel.

Can a woman find, in the ordinary course of married life, a complete outlet for her energies, an expression of her talents, whatever they may be? Well, if she did everything, as our great grandmothers did, she might. At least she would be so busy, she wouldn't know whether she was expressing herself or not. But this is an age of standardization and simplification. It is the simple life we are living now; our foremothers who used to spin and weave and scrub and carry water lived the complicated one. It is true that new problems have arisen: calculations of calories and vitamins, meetings of Parent-Teacher Associations, conferences on the pre-school child. But even this multiplication of interests cannot keep pace with the inventions which advertisers force upon us, one close upon another, to lessen housekeeping and home-making toil. And the intelligent woman, in the effort to fill her life with activity, should not refuse these reliefs and insist upon doing things the hardest way.

WE are told that bringing up a family of children will give her complete self-expression and therefore complete happiness. As the world is at present arranged, however, her children must spend considerable time away from her. At the age of six—probably before, in this day of kindergartens and nursery schools—their formal education begins. Since we are warned that our schools are "feminized" and that the predominance of women teachers is disastrous, the mother who wished to keep the education of her offspring entirely in her own hands would probably be frowned upon. If they are separated from her during the school hours and go to bed reasonably early in the evening, she will certainly have much time which their interests will not fill. She might, conceivably, spend all this time reading educational treatises, trying to understand what is being done for her children. But when some teacher is presumably making a business of doing this, there would seem, from a social point of view, to be duplication which is not true economy.

Even granting that the children and the problems connected with them completely occupy the mother's time and interest during their growing years, other considerations arise. If a woman marries young—as she probably should to get the greatest satisfaction out of married life—the children are in the ordinary sense "brought up" by the time she is in the forties. Barring accidents, she should have twenty or twenty-five years more during which she is capable of active participation in life. Many women in these circum-

stances find themselves facing an empty future. They have had what were considered happy marriages. In some cases the husband has died in middle age. The wife, having had no interests outside her home, clings to it, though the children have departed to homes and interests of their own. She tries to keep a share in their lives and they try to give it to her; but she is, after all, an outsider. In other cases husband and wife live on until later years, but the physical bond has weakened and there was in the beginning little real congeniality apart from that. Life becomes a series of adjustments which merely gives a certain occupation, as in the not very elegant example of the fleas and the dog. But we are looking for happiness.

FAMILY life, then, is not a panacea for the intellectual woman's discontent. Is woman's plight, however, an isolated one? Is the intellectual man so happy?

The literary geniuses of the world could furnish us with plenty of contrary testimony. Romantic literature is a unanimous outcry against the injustice, the suffering, the disillusionments of the world—an attempt to live in visions instead of reality. The great nineteenth century writers, under the pressure of Victorian ethics, struggled—most of them in vain—to reach an optimistic point of view. Even Browning, though he undoubtedly found much to enjoy in life, seems to protest a little too much. And Carlyle gives his bitter interpretation of the universe in his question, "What Act of Legislation was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? . . . What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy?" The pessimistic literature of the present is quite as apt to be masculine as feminine. Surely no woman has given a more unrelieved impression of the futility of things than Aldous Huxley in *Point Counter Point*.

The men in our professional life today—doctors, lawyers, clergymen—are they happy men? How many of them could say so unhesitatingly and unreservedly, if they gave an honest answer? Our men teachers—those who are really teachers, not business men holding administrative positions—their case is exceptionally difficult. No one of them can give his best to his work because of the inevitable economic pressure. His intellectual powers and his tastes inspire demands that his meager salary cannot begin to supply. And the more thoroughly he has satisfied his natural craving for companionship and family life which are, we agree, essential to real happiness, the more complicated his problem becomes.

This, by the way, has a definite bearing upon the question of outside interests for a woman. It has ceased to be a scandal for a wife to be a wage-earner.

Many of the men I have spoken of, whose remuneration is far below the level of their powers, are not at all sorry, in these days when luxuries have become ordinary comforts, to have something added to the family income. And the woman, in that case, has not only the satisfaction of using her individual talent, but that of improving the economic status of those she cares most for. So, even assuming that woman's intellect is entirely subordinate to her emotion, it may still justify its existence.

THERE is much to be said for Mr. Cabell's theory of life as a narrow corridor along which are placed certain colorful alcoves. What we find in the alcoves keeps us from realizing too desperately the grayness of the corridor and the door that opens so inevitably at the end. It seems probable that the intellectual person discovers more alcoves than the one whose range of pleasures is smaller. Perhaps this is not necessarily true. There are intellectual people with a one-track mind. But in that case their one alcove is usually absorbing enough to compensate.

One fails to see why the woman, as well as the man, should not find interests in more than one alcove along the corridor. Her family life undoubtedly, if she has one, will furnish one of the largest and most satisfying; but the same should be true of a man, if he deserves to have a family at all. Why interest in one phase of life must cut her off entirely from all others is not clear, especially since single-minded absorption in one's family is apt to be very bad for the family.

As to the other vexed question, whether unmarried women can be happy, one hardly needs to argue it if one is pessimistic enough to doubt whether anywhere in the world, at least among thinking people, complete happiness can be found. After reading jeremiads on the lot of the intellectual spinster, I am quite willing to admit that unmarried women are not happy, but not equally willing to admit that married women universally are.

ONCE more we go back to the fundamental question, Are women human beings? If they are, though it remains incontestably true that "male and female created He them," and though there are variations in temperament and function, the great elemental facts of human nature are the same for both men and women. The intellectual man and the intellectual woman alike torment their brains in the attempt to discover the meaning of things. If they are fortunate enough to find some degree of happiness, they realize—all the more keenly the more surely their intellects function—its brevity and insecurity. If their pet alcove is the practice of an art,

they know how feeble and pathetic are their attempts in comparison with their aim. But life is after all nothing but living, and living is the exercise of whatever powers we happen to have. The consciousness that this exercise will bring disappointment quite as often as satisfaction need not and does not destroy its value. Surely nowhere are more disappointments found than in family life, and yet women are urged to persevere in their efforts to perfect it.

Undeniably, the more one thinks about things the less likely he is to be happy, if one interprets happiness as satisfaction. There is point though not much poetry in Browning's famous line, "Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?" It is easy to see why there are more dissatisfied women now than there used to be, for more of them have been taught to use their minds.

This may be unfortunate. It does seem sad if woman's long struggle toward equality with man has merely made her share his ability to be unhappy. It is especially sad for man; it would be much more comfortable for him if the woman did not reflect his mental stress, if she could be a restful pillow for his weary head. But when a process once begins, it is difficult to check it. I cannot see any way for a woman to stop thinking, even if she brings up twenty families. After all, out of dissatisfaction has usually come achievement. Perhaps women (not Woman the empty abstraction) may yet convince their brother men that for both the problem is the same—that of working out a way of life which shall be useful to the world and which shall not ignore the widely varying characteristics of human individuals. It may even be that the intellectual woman, having caught up with the intellectual man by proving that she has brain enough to be unhappy, will take a step in advance of him and use her brains for her—and his—happiness.

Marsh Wren

BOUNDING ball of feathered song,
A little larger than my thumb,
Compared with yours my life is long
Yet judged with yours my throat is dumb.

You trill upon a reed and sway
Until your mounting song explodes,
And tossed up high on lyric spray
You perch upon your silver odes.

Your song and you seem one, your frame
A note that wings up clear and strong.
I'd be content to give up fame
If I could be, like you, a song.

RALPH CHEYNEY

The Book End

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes, after critical evaluation, to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

A Frenchman on American Robots

IN *Robots or Men* H. Dubreuil relates his experiences in and his reactions to American industry. In 1927, when he was 44 years old, the author came to this country in search of an answer to the question: "What does a worker really think and feel about American mechanization?" Dubreuil's answer is not that of the European "philosophers" whom Americans delight to read and whose vacuous remarks too frequently clutter the pages of the respectable monthlies. For when he arrived, M. Dubreuil had had many years experience in French industry, was well trained in mechanics, had been a French labor leader, had in an earlier book rejected the Taylor system and advocated control of industry by autonomous groups of workers, had accepted moderate socialism, and had been enamoured of the writings of Ruskin and Morris. Consequently his analysis of the American worker's life and role in the factory and of the effects of mass production is incisive and balanced.

To summarize the author's conclusions is extremely difficult. He found far more camaraderie and freedom in America than in France. In mass production, in the conveyor, in automatic and semi-automatic machinery, he finds the only basis for widespread material comfort. He denies that these devices make for lack of quality, for a dreamlessly monotonous kind of work, for intellectual stagnation, or for more exploitation than less advanced non-machine methods. He asserts that the human hand is still supreme in giving a final touch to many machine-made products, and that American workmen not only have preserved craft traditions, but also value their tools more than do French workers. He ascribes the greater degree of well-being in America to efficiency measures, and recommends to French employers that as a means of securing greater productivity per worker "the eloquence of figures [wages] is more powerful than any number of speeches."

The American proclivity to experiment, especially in industry, has impressed M. Dubreuil. Even in social relations he found empiricism dominant. Americans "do not attack the [coöperative] problem from above, starting with theories written by Utopians. It is from below and by the experimental method that the American will advance to some form of socialism, or at least to the point of considering the well-being of those about him." For the French proletarian orator's "vain anger, exhaled in grandiloquent phrases, our American unionist calmly substitutes his business man's formulas."

One may cavil that M. Dubreuil belonged to the skilled working class when in America, that 80 per cent of American families live at little better than a subsistence level, that half or more of our plant capacity is wasted, that one need not make goods in order to make money, that a successful social movement requires

the marriage of brain to brawn; yet his final answer is far more convincing than Siegfried's latest.

"If I were asked," writes Dubreuil, "whether we should adopt American methods, I should not only say yes, but add that mere adoption is not enough. . . . Above all, we must acquire the spirit that creates them." (Published by Harper Brothers. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$3.00 postpaid.)

J. J. SPENGLER

Should Sociologists Be Moral?

I DO not suppose that Dr. P. Sargant Florence has any desire to see Professor Ellwood, Professor Edward A. Ross, or any of their colleagues tear loose on Broadway or otherwise shatter the Decalogue; but he does wish that they would leave moral judgments out of their sociological investigations. Dr. Florence's little book, *Sociology and Sin*, is the most recent one in the New Science Series, and its pages are addressed to economists, political scientists, and sociologists who, to his mind, are sinners because they are moral.

In general, physicists, biologists, and anthropologists content themselves with ascertaining the facts in their fields, correlating them, and putting them in such form that they can be used by those who desire them. When it comes to the social sciences, however, the general usage seems to be for the investigator to add a value judgment to his findings. From one paragraph in a standard American textbook of sociology, Dr. Florence picks out such words as highest, best (or better), welfare, demoralization and danger, and he contends that they prevent any reader from discovering the exact information the writer wishes to convey unless he knows the author's point of view and upbringing.

Further confusion is introduced both for himself and the reader when the author uses a word like "demand" which has an exact meaning in economics and then applies it to certain human wants. The result is that with wide differences in their major premises and in the moral implications of the words they use, the social sciences worked out deductively by persons of different race, sex, or class, will tend to differ considerably in their conclusions.

Dr. Florence, then, would have the social scientists analyze and describe social conditions, institutions, habits, etc., without taking moral attitudes about them. They should be fact-finders, not fault-finders, and leave the ethical judgments to philosophers. Whereupon the practical reformer will be able to go to the social scientist for his data and to the philosopher for information as to what is desirable, before he determines upon a policy that will be both scientific and right. (Published by Norton & Co. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$1.00 postpaid.)

PAUL JONES

Wise Men From the East

WE specializing, materialistic Westerners like overmuch the "scientific approach" that breaks up knowledge into many areas; but too few of us pause to contemplate the findings of busy scientists in order that we may understand the trends of our age and evaluate the progress we are making. Knowledge we have, but we may still with profit turn to the East for the kind of wisdom that takes the long look.

For example, friends of Sun Yat-Sen in this country, who at first were embarrassed by what they considered his bombast and puerility, realize now that a wise man from the East, while he lived among us, was weighing our civilization in the balance, and they recognize in the constitution he prepared for a new and independent China some of the things in which we were found wanting. Gandhi in his youth sat humbly at the feet of Western knowledge to learn the secrets of our success and power. But he saw the easy complacency with which we permit the dogmas of material progress to give the lie to the central teachings of our religion, and he perceived the amount of chaff that must be sifted out of our present order before wise men can accept it as good. As a result, we now behold a Hindu carrying on, with the opposition of a large part of the Christian world, the most outstandingly Christian project in human relations our age has known.

Temporarily overshadowed by Gandhi's dramatic struggle for Indian independence but scarcely less significant is the work of Toyohiko Kagawa in Japan. This man, beyond doubt the outstanding Christian leader of his country, is the son of a geisha-concubine who began his career in the debasing environment of a brother's home where seven such women were kept. It was his teacher of English Bible at Kobe who discovered the boy's spiritual anguish and saved him for a noble career. Kagawa began at once to prepare himself for life work in the Christian church. He undertook a period of intensive study which finally brought him to Princeton University in the United States. Back again in Japan, he established three mission settlements at Kobe, Osaka, and Tokyo, where he could give practical application to the gospel he preached. His seemingly limitless energy stopped at nothing. When he found disease and poverty and abuse, he fought for social legislation to relieve them. When he found exploitation of the laboring classes, he sought protecting laws and organized unions. When he found farmers helpless to withstand the encroachment of powerful capitalist groups, he promoted agricultural coöperatives. And when he needed money to carry on these projects, he wrote books that sold by the thousands.

All this time, however, he held to his preaching as the central activity of his life. The "Million Souls for Christ Campaign," as he called it at first, has now become his great "Kingdom of God Movement" in which he preaches a gospel that does not sidestep any of the social implications Jesus perceived when, in the name of love, he attacked the entrenched evils of his day. Of course, such a message has brought suffering to Kagawa. His own denomination as well as the Japanese Christian church in general has been afraid of his influence, and consequently a great deal of his work has had to be done without their protection. Powerful capitalistic interests induced the government to arrest him on several occasions for his activity in the labor movement. But imprisonment only brought enforced leisure which resulted in still more writing!

Fortunately his abilities are so exceptional and his value to the community so great that the period of persecution was short.

Today the government seeks his advice in its efforts toward industrial reform. After the earthquake in 1923 he became a member of the Premier's Economic Council, and during the past year he has been head of the Social Welfare Bureau of the Tokyo Municipal Government. All these extraordinary activities he carries on despite partial blindness and a body racked by malignant physical disorders.

It is not necessary to apologize for giving so much space to biographical details of this eminent Japanese Christian. Without them one could hardly appraise rightly the books which for almost two decades have been supporting his campaigns and his settlements. He is a prolific writer; forty-two years of age, he has found time in the midst of his busy life to produce some forty books on economics, socialism, science, religion, fiction, and poetry. The work which best represents the man and his philosophy is *Love the Law of Life*. To Kagawa love is an inclusive spirit that embraces all lesser devotions—love of patriot for country, of friend for friend, of neighbor for neighbor, husband for wife, parent for child—and in this volume he traces it through lower unconscious stages in advancing civilization to its full flower in that joyous, conscious self-dedication of Christ to the service of his fellow men. The book is not a mere panegyric, however. He writes as an exceedingly well educated man who knows and uses the findings of modern science, the literature of many lands and ages, and the origins and trends of significant political movements of our day. There is hope for what we in the West call Christian civilization when the East so demonstrates its ability to slough off the non-essentials and corruptions of a denominationalized missionary gospel and absorb the part that is really Christ-like. (Published by John C. Winston and Company. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop. \$2.50 postpaid.)

ALFRED D. MOORE

Professors of Childhood

THERE was the "Professor of the Methodology of the Teaching of the Language of Arts in the Blank Normal College" who came to "see" the creative work being done by the boys and girls under the leadership of Hughes Mearns. She was about to sail for Europe and had only a few hours. Having come all the way from Illinois, she intended to get results and probably had been in the habit of getting them! In his book, *Creative Power*, though Mr. Mearns nowhere says so, the "set" of the story is such that I am certain she was no modest violator of the classroom. The boys and girls were busy with writing. The Professor of Methodology demanded that they stop "this written work and demonstrate creative activity." Hughes Mearns tried to make her see that the students were engaged in just that. Finally, at his wits' end—and there are as many handy ends to Mr. Mearns's wits as a cat-o'-nine-tails—he shoved a stop watch he had in his desk toward the exacting lady, suggesting that she go out into the park, sit on the grass for an hour and time the dandelions as they grew! He does not record whether Illinois ever received her again as sane as she thought she had left it.

Twenty-five years of the attempt to teach English literature have prepared me to say that the Professor of Methodology is authentic. She has flourished in both school and college. However, the claims of such dominating women, and men, analyzed as expertly, touched as lightly and kindly as Mr. Mearns does it, in a few more books for a few years more, and the Professor of Methodology, will become as extinct as the dodo.

If any impression has been given that Hughes Mearns spends time poking fun at our American national joke, "the professor," the impression is false. In his experimental work the author of *Creative Power* found himself a teacher with no particular authority in the midst of boys and girls who tolerated him as "not too much of an interruption," and who from time to time gave him singular confidences. One of his boys told him that his father said teachers were "a poor lot usually" who hadn't brains enough to make something of themselves. And the boy being confidential and friendly said he agreed with his father. This was a moment Mr. Mearns did not attempt to enlighten.

Yet the author sees plainly, and states plainly, that the great game of the teacher has been to show up ignorance. Hastening genially to the other extreme, Professor Mearns makes it his practice rarely to ask a child a question unless he is himself ignorant of the answer. A question so asked has a different tone, and the teacher is at once on a friendly footing with the child. Silence and self-effacement are two of the tools used by this teacher in creative education. What a boy in one of his classes called the "Sacred Blunder Hunt," as an instrument of teaching and of torture, must in Mr. Mearns's work lie upon some curio shelf gathering dust. In Chapter XIV of this remarkable book are these sentences: "Inasmuch as we teachers are really professors of childhood, with diplomas reciting our peculiar qualifications in this craft, one might well invite us to know more about our subject and less, perhaps, about our subjects. The life of a gifted child is more important, I fancy, than either cube root or the nominative absolute."

Mother and father as well as teacher receive their share in this record of many years of experiment. Hughes Mearns has no place in his scheme of values for any "orgy of selfish and unbridled mothering." He shows us, with kindly humor and the skill of a trained psychiatrist, how "right and morally important" it is that boys and girls should live their own independent lives.

Sensitive of the dangers and tortures of such living, the outlook of the author is none the less full of hope and rich with suggestions for all who are responsible for the education of boys and girls, whether as fathers and mothers or as teachers. (Published by Doubleday, Doran. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$3.50 postpaid.)

JEANNETTE MARKS

A Britisher on the War

AS a story, H. M. Tomlinson's *All Our Yesterdays* is engrossing from beginning to end. Yet there is more here than a good tale told in vigorous, imaginative, beautiful writing. The reading of this book is an experience which takes hold of one in an unforgettable way; but not once does the rush of emotions and events, which gathers momentum continuously, escape its fine restraint to mar the artistry.

In the first half of the book we see the insidious roots of the war running back for years; men and women thrilled like children at seeing their greatest war vessel launched; a riot because of a slur on the British government's policy during the Boer War; suspicious men contending under cover in Africa for fear a rival nation might steal a march on them; decent everyday people talkative and touchy over a nebulous notion of "national honor," but none of them really thinking of war. When the crash came there seemed no way out—everyone had been going down a blind alley for years.

This background of the war is convincing; so convincing, in-

deed, that it leaves one sick with a feeling of futility. But the author takes you through an even more searching experience in the war itself, until you see it all—stupidity, courage, fear, pride, meanness, suffering, fineness, and the whole complex of human strength and frailty caught in the shambles of its own making—with an almost unbearable clearness.

There is no question of the stark horror and misery being overdrawn or of the touches of fineness and beauty being forced because the whole thing does not appear as something fabricated but as life happening before you—rather to you and to people you know well and care about. (Published by Harper. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.50 postpaid.)

ELIZABETH WEBB

Religious Philosophy for All

WE have long needed a brief but lucid introduction to problems of religious belief for "the intelligent but philosophically uninitiated layman." Miss Georgia Harkness, professor of Philosophy in Elmira College, has essayed this exceedingly difficult and important task in her book, *Conflicts in Religious Thought*. She has achieved marked success in her undertaking. The book presupposes no knowledge of philosophy, psychology or theology. Yet we do not know another volume of the same scope which can more confidently be recommended to the intelligent inquirer with the assurance that its reading will furnish him a clear understanding of the major religious questions and sound guidance as to their most likely answers.

Professor Harkness has pursued her graduate studies under Dr. E. S. Brightman of Boston, Professor Hocking of Harvard and Professor D. C. Macintosh of Yale. She acknowledges her indebtedness to these teachers, and her discussion reveals their influence on almost every page. The argument proposes an exceedingly balanced, persuasive liberal theism. The book opens with a consideration of the nature of religion and of its importance. There follow a discussion of the criteria by which religious truth may be tested and a helpful interpretation of faith as a distinctive attitude of the religious temper. Then the major problems of belief are considered in order—the idea of God, personality in God and man, suffering, sin, prayer, and immortality. Throughout, the viewpoint is thoroughly Christian although there is no consideration of Christianity as a distinctive religion, nor of the problems which gather around the significance of Jesus for religious thought. This is the book's one serious omission, prompted no doubt by an academic desire to confine discussion to religion in general. But an argument so clearly under Christian influence might well have found room for some treatment of the person of Christ, especially if it would give maximum help to the layman.

Miss Harkness' treatment neither claims nor achieves brilliance. But any lack of distinctive literary merit is more than compensated by its candor, balance, and restraint. Difficulties are frankly suggested, unsolved problems are unresolved. One emerges from the study with a distinct assurance of the intellectual respectability of the Christian faith, but with no illusions that the answers are all in and the hazards for faith dispelled. The most critical student must be disarmed by the evident honesty of thought, the most sceptical challenged by the balanced and cogent argument.

The book may be recommended for personal reference or for use in study circles and introductory courses in the philosophy of religion. (Published by Holt. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00 postpaid.)

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Is Good-Bye Just Au Revoir?

ROBERT GRAVES is one of England's outstanding younger poets. Crowded into thirty-four years there has been more than the ordinary run of experience of men and the things men do. Indeed, by the age of twenty-three he had, as he says, "been born, initiated into a formal religion, travelled, learned to lie, loved unhappily, been married, gone to the war, taken life, procreated my kind, rejected formal religion, won fame, and been killed." (He was at one time officially reported dead of wounds.) Surely here is something worth writing of.

Good-bye to All That is an autobiography, an objective portrayal of the events of some three decades. Because the author was in France throughout the war, except when invalided home, it is natural that the bulk of the book should deal with the experiences of Robert Graves, soldier. Let no one think, however, that this is "just another war book." It belongs up at the top. True, one finds here what one finds in other war books: "After the first day or two the bodies swelled and stank. . . . The ones that we could not get in from the German wire continued to swell until the wall of the stomach collapsed, either naturally or punctured by a bullet; a disgusting smell would float across. The color of the dead faces changed from white to yellow-gray, to red, to purple, to green, to black, to slimy." But there is more, and it is all set down—those years of horror and humor, death and birth, hate and love—with a freedom from emotion and a penetrating objectivity not found in "just another war book." Graves has achieved something signal here. If he is really burying his past, as he says he is, this book is an enduring monolith.

The author was a typical Englishman in 1914. "I entirely believed," he writes, "that France and England had been drawn into a war which they had never contemplated and for which they were entirely unprepared. It never occurred to me that newspapers and statesmen could lie." That that pillar of respectability and hence of the Empire, *The Times*, could deliberately falsify is never admitted by your true Briton. The adolescent Graves didn't dream it possible in 1914, and we forgive him because of his tender years. But we find it a bit more difficult to understand why the mature Graves of 1929 should make such a clumsy attempt to shield *The Times* from the charge of malicious exaggeration made on page 88. In another edition it would be well to insert between the despatches from the *Matin* and the *Corriere della Sera*, referring to the fall of Antwerp, that other one from *The Times* which for some reason is here deleted. It can be found on page 161 of Arthur Ponsonby's *Falsehood in War Time*. Its omission by Graves begets confusion in our trusting mind.

Not all the tragedy of war lay in the death of comrades. Something died in Graves himself. After months of fighting, during which he saw war in the nude, "we decided that it was no use making a protest against war. Everyone was mad; we were hardly sane ourselves. Siegfried (Sassoon) said that we had to 'keep up the good reputation of the poets', as men of courage he meant." Back to France they went, therefore, "not to kill Germans, though that might happen, but to make things easier for the men under our command." Thus, with that Son-of-God-goes-forth-to-war humanitarianism did they return to their hellish business of ending war by making it. As long as first-class minds can do such fourth-rate reasoning, war will remain "an instrument of national policy." There is no evidence in the book to show that had he to make 1914 decisions again, but with 1930 knowledge, Graves would do any differently.

Leaving Oxford one evening with a friend, the writer cycled out the Banbury road, across meadows sighing under the weight of autumn mists, and rounding a bend plunged down upon the tiny village of Islip. We dismounted at the home of Robert Graves. I was introduced to him and to Nancy Nicholson, and after supper Graves and I did the dishes. Fresh from America, I was supposed to know something about our poets. Graves soon discovered this to be a gratuitous assumption. The talk was thereupon shifted to less intellectual subjects on which it was thought I might possibly offer occasional contributions of worth. Hopes here were not wholly realized, and as we said good-bye to all that, I did so feeling quite definitely the gap between me and this representative of England's intellectual gentry. I feel it all the more after reading his book. Some men like Graves did return from the wars and the world is the richer for what they have since done. Would that this world as well as this poet could bid eternal "good-bye to all that." (Published by Cape and Smith. Through The World Book Shop, \$3.00).

R. W. ABERNETHY.

Biology and Human Nature

DR. H. S. JENNINGS' *The Biological Basis of Human Nature* is a gift of the gods for those who want a sane, reasonable, but vivid discussion of biological questions. To any one even remotely interested in the subject, the book will hold all the fascination of a novel, while maintaining the cautious precision of the scientist.

Environment versus heredity, why more boy babies die than girl babies, why marriage between cousins produces a higher proportion of defectives, temperament as the product of heredity or environment, what may be expected from eugenics, is race mixing good or bad and why, and even companionate marriage may be mentioned as among the scores of questions which are considered in the light of experimental biology.

Ardent eugenists advocating improvement of the germ plasm will be disappointed in the evidence presented. It is impossible to review any of it here. But the statement of aim, "To understand human nature and animal nature and vegetable nature, to understand society and civilization . . ." is admirably conceived and most ably carried out. (Published by W. W. Norton. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$4.00 postpaid.)

P. L. CLARK, JR.

A Modern Theist

IN *Theism and the Modern World*, Walter Marshall Horton has made the best defense of theism published since the so-called humanist controversy agitated the circles of liberal religion thought. The weakness in the armor of humanism which Professor Horton belabors particularly is its dualism of fact and value, its insistence that the values which emerge and are developed in human life have no relation to anything in the universe outside of man. This kind of dualism, according to the author, drives humanists in two opposite directions. On the one hand, it fills them with a self-assurance which may border on megalomania and a confidence in human capacities that is touchingly naïve. The singing of the "progress of mankind onward and upward forever" On the other hand, there are humanists who begin to realize that the same science which destroyed the confidence of modern man in any purposiveness in the universe may likewise destroy all confidence in the possibility of purposeful living for man. The latter

of these two tendencies is the more logical. It is difficult to maintain a humanistic dualism and not have it sink into a naturalistic monism when the seeds inherent in its system are fully developed.

Mr. Horton's way out is to discover in the universe those factors and forces which are relevant to the human enterprise and which give him reason to react appreciatively and trustfully to the world outside himself. These factors and forces are treated with utmost realism. They are the forces in our social heritage and environment which help us to live the good life; they are the cosmic forces, as for instance the cosmic drift toward harmony, fellowship and mutual aid, which are relevant to all human activity.

Without any particular adventure of faith, these factors in the world outside of man may be understood and appreciated. They may on the other hand become the springboard for adventures of faith in which "God—the source of those vital energies that tend to keep me at my best" is defined and apprehended in more specific terms. Thus a concept of God somewhat approaching that of traditional theism emerges, supported partly by philosophical inference and partly by the evidence which may be adduced from moral and religious experience.

Mr. Horton has written an able book and one which anyone interested in the religious problem of the modern age may read with profit. (Published by Harper. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00 postpaid.) R. N.

The Rediscovery of a Great Thinker

TWENTY years hence what will have become of the best sellers of 1929? The chances are they will all have followed Joan Lowell's *Cradle of the Deep* to Davy Jones' locker. But the close of the year saw the introduction to the English reading world of a book that will be living two thousand years hence. That is a safe prophecy for it has survived more than two thousand years already and is today a far more vital force in the world than ever in the past. This book is *The Ethical and Political Works of Motse*, translated from the original Chinese by Y. P. Mei. Motse lived in the fifth century before Christ and was a mighty force in his day in China; but Mencius, the great disciple of Confucius, in the following generation, condemned him as unorthodox. As usual orthodoxy prevailed, and in a few centuries the school of Motse—one might well say the church of Motse, for he was a religious thinker—died out. So effective was Mencius' slight gesture of disapproval that sinologues of the last century searched for years to find an edition of Motse's works. Within the past quarter of a century, however, under the brilliant exposition of Hu Shih, the teachings of Motse have come into their own as a rival of Confucianism. Indeed, for many of the younger intellectuals of China, Confucius has been superseded by Motse.

It is certain that for the West Motse will prove a much more attractive figure than Confucius. The latter has left his teachings largely in the form of brief, disconnected aphorisms. Motse develops his views in a logical and orderly fashion that appeals to the Western mind. Confucius crystallized the thought of the past and set the mold for a civilization; Motse reaches out to a whole world, meets the lasting need of men for religion, and frees the human will by binding it to the will of heaven, not to proprieties of human custom. Moreover, there is no writer of the past who has come so close to the teachings of Jesus Christ. Opening the book at random I read: "What is the Will of Heaven that is to be obeyed? It is to love all the people in the world

universally." The word "universally" in the original is not tautology; it is a qualifying adjective describing the sort of love Jesus proclaimed—the love seen in a God who "sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

And Motse is a writer for today and tomorrow because he is a great pacifist. Second only to his chapters on Universal Love and the Will of Heaven are his vehement sermons on the Condemnation of Offensive War. No one who is seeking for a message to meet the needs of today can read this book without being stimulated; and at the same time deeply humbled at the thought that we are still so far from realizing in our "Christian" civilization the ideals of relationship with humanity and the Divine set forth so long ago by a "heathen" enthusiast. Dr. Mei has put the English world under an eternal debt by his excellent translation, and Arthur Probsthain has set it forth in a book to delight one's eye and hand. Slip it in your overcoat pocket for a journey, and let it add the depth of time to your vista of space. (Published by Probsthain. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$4.50 postpaid.) E. W. HOULDING.

England and the English

PAINSTAKING scholars are not always noted for their imagination. It is gratifying, therefore, to find a German professor, Wilhelm Dibelius, who has produced a volume about England (he has entitled his work simply *England*) that will undoubtedly rank with Lord Bryce's famous treatise on America. Dr. Dibelius is a scholar of great diligence, and one who has not permitted his researches into the minutiae of British life and manners to rob him of either perspective or sense of proportion.

It is a spiritual achievement of no mean proportions to have a German write so satisfying a volume about a recently enemy people. While there is more than one note of criticism and sometimes a suggestion of bitterness, on the whole the work reveals a remarkable and genuine sympathy for the British nation. Every characteristic of British life is carefully weighed, set in historical perspective, and judged with critical care. The aristocracy of England appeals especially to the author. It has made more vital adjustments to the commercial and political realities of modern life than any European nobility; yet "the gentleman is a class ideal; but before it can become a norm for mankind it must be shed of its class attributes—a process sufficiently remote." British common sense is admirable and has a touch of political genius in it; but the lack of precision in English law, one flower of this common sense, permits some curious anachronisms to persist in British politics, as for instance the practical autonomy of the Foreign Office. British towns are for the most part honestly governed, but government is frankly in the interest of the big family which dominates the town. The church, more powerful than in other nations, is mainly an instrument of conservation. Oxford and Cambridge have the same influence upon the nation.

The future of England is not exactly bright. She will have to yield economic supremacy to America and share with her the political hegemony of the world. Nevertheless, the average Britisher does not despair. He loves power more than anything else but has been able to wield it with comparatively less harm to the governed than other imperialists. Such are a few of the judgments which the author elaborates. It will be a long while before we have a more thorough analysis of the life of any nation. (Published by Harper. Through the World Tomorrow Book Shop. \$5.00 postpaid.) R.N.

WE RECOMMEND

The Boy Who Dared. The Story of William Penn, by Mary Hazeltine Wade. Appleton. 239 pages. \$1.75. A most readable account for adolescents (and for grown-ups too, say we!) of the great Quaker's great life, bringing into the narrative incidents and struggles not well known to most people.

A Brief Account of Diplomatic Events in Manchuria, by Sir Harold Parlett. Oxford University Press. Paper. 93 pages, with a map. \$1.25. Manchuria may be temporarily off the front page, but no understanding of Eastern affairs or events will be possible without an understanding of the Manchurian background, such as this little book so usefully supplies.

Cease Firing! and Other Stories, by Winifred Hulbert. Macmillan. 127 pages. \$1.50. Published under the direction of the League of Nations Association and intended to convey to children some conception of the League and its work. The tales carry the reader among children of various countries and by actual test do interest children from eight to fourteen or thereabouts.

International Relations (revised edition), by Raymond Leslie Buell. Holt. 838 pages. \$5.00. Is it not enough to say that this is indubitably the one best book to buy in its field? It is complete, covering all the questions that may possibly arise to perplex the person who wants to keep up in an informed way with international developments and affairs. We have found the earlier edition absolutely invaluable and the new one brings in more recent changes and trends. Mr. Buell is Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association.

Along the Shore, by Eva L. Butler. John Day Co. 103 pages. \$1.25. For years it has been hard to obtain a simple little book to take along on seashore rambles to explain all the queer things the novice in briny nature study is certain to pick up. The next time Junior shows you up for an ignoramus about the simplest things, grit your teeth and let go of that dollar and a quarter. This pocket-size volume, with its clear, succinct descriptions and its unpretentious but unmistakable, clear drawings, will set you aright on everything from limpets to knobbed whelks, from gulls to fiddler crabs. On our next sea-shore picnic, we expect to shine!

What Girls Live On—and How, by Frances R. Whitney. The Consumer's League of America. 20 cents (6 copies for \$1.00) 52 pages. The National Consumer's League, with its branches in various cities, deserves a great deal of praise for the excellent studies it has fostered in the fields of industry and economics. The present pamphlet, the work of the executive secretary of the Cincinnati Consumers' League, is an examination of a group of girls employed in Cincinnati in 1929—the salaries they receive and their expenditures. The "And How" of the title takes on a more than unconsciously slang connotation when we learn that in a progressive city like Cincinnati, in a year of Hoover prosperity, there are girls who were getting only \$13 a week—not a few, but many of them. Such depressing facts almost make one despair of any hope of ever achieving social betterment on a wide scale.

Jews Without Money, by Michael Gold. Horace Liveright. 309 pages. \$3.00. A vivid story of a boyhood in the Jewish ghetto of New York's East Side. The figure of the mother is unforgettable.

The Story of Eugene Debs, by Henry T. Schnitzkind. National Educational Committee, Independent Workmen's Circle. 204 pages. \$2.00. A romanticized, sentimentalized story of one of our greatest spirits, but one which moves and is adaptable to unsophisticated readers. There is an introduction by Romain Rolland. This book is the first in a forthcoming series on heroes of peace and liberty.

Brooks-Bright Prize Essays, 1929, with an introduction by John H. Finley. Brooks-Bright Foundation. 143 pages. Gratis. The six best essays on armament out of 87,000 written in the schools of 42 states. Five boys and a girl hold forth in a manner that makes us hang our head in shame over our own secondary school days. Valuable to those who want to know how youth can write and think on peace and preparedness. Also decidedly hope-raising.

Human Factors in Cotton Culture, by Rupert B. Vance. University of North Carolina Press. 346 pages. \$3.00. An impressive book—a reliable, scholarly study, a passionate "human document," a sensitive, poetry-quoting work. Oh, that most social and economic studies could be like it! A valuable map; complete economic data on the great crop which guides the cultural destiny of the South more than is always realized even there. Stories of the real people who give their lives to King Cotton; none too beautiful reign—all are present to make an invaluable book for reading or reference.

The Scourge of Christ, by Paul Richard. Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pages. \$2.50. Searching aphoristic paragraphs by a prominent French philosopher and mystic. M. Richard's sentences often crack like a whip, and often one of them bites deep into the mind and remains to tease with its provocative wisdom. This book has been highly praised by Tagore. One sample of its many brilliant lines: "Each society has the criminals it deserves." And another: "The true disciple, in order to follow Christ, must renounce everything, and first of all the name of Christian." A day will come when no one will call himself a Christian because all will be Christians." And still another: "No one can call himself civilized so long as killing is not for him the last impossibility."

The Money Game, by Norman Angell. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6.00. An entertaining explanation of fundamental finance, much of it in terms of an imaginary ship-wrecked sailor who plays banker to islanders unfamiliar with money. The latter half of the volume contains materials for a game to illustrate certain principles of banking. In this a banker-player wins money certificates based on slight gold security struggles against stock-traders who each independently try to mass wealth at the bank's expense. Usually the game closes with all the players richer than when they started to play. Designed to give a better understanding of the nature of money under the reserve system, the device also shows only too clearly the selfishness and implied deceit of business trading and the accumulation of paper fortunes through capitalistic finance. Worth playing!

CORRESPONDENCE

Any More Volunteers?

I HAVE read Mr. Engelbrecht's article, *The Army of Men Without Hate* in the April *WORLD TOMORROW*. He asks: Is there no place in this country for an "Army of Men Without Hate"? I am ready to join such an army and feel sure that there are many others of the same mind. Why not confer with Bishop Paul Jones and Norman Thomas, and start the good work?
Long Beach, Calif. A. E. HASLAM

California Liberals

THE Southern California Council of the League for Independent Political Action has been organized with headquarters at Los Angeles. An interesting program is being developed, and members of the National League residing in California are invited to make affiliation with the California association. Information may be obtained from the undersigned, at his address, 304 Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Los Angeles, Calif. OSCAR L. TRIGGS

Protecting Our Young People

THE Library committee has voted to discontinue *THE WORLD TOMORROW* for the college library, and we will be glad if you would cancel the subscription and discontinue sending it. One of the professors has objected very much to this magazine on the ground that the views which are sometimes expressed are so radical that he feels they are not helpful to young people who are not yet able to discriminate accurately in regard to such things. So, under the circumstances, the committee thought best not to continue taking it.
Wheaton, Ill. JULIA E. BLANCHARD,
Librarian

Non Sequitur

I ADMIT that President Hoover deserves criticism as regards unemployment, and I note the wage cuts in cotton mills, hosiery mills, rug factories, etc., mentioned in your recent editorial. But you must not forget that farm produce is also lower—butter, fat, eggs, wheat, corn, and flour. The inflated prices of labor and farm products are one by one coming down since the War. If farm produce is lower, labor must come down also. Mr. Hoover did not cause the War and he cannot cure all ills. Please tell your readers that labor must suffer because we farmers of the West have to take lower prices for our produce.
Wessington Springs, S. D. O. J. MARSHALL

Our Own Brand of Fascism

THOUGH Madison, Wisconsin, is not primarily industrial, unemployment has been serious for the past few months, and the Communists of the University accordingly planned a parade of the unemployed. Their demands were the customary ones—recognition of Soviet Russia, work or wages, unemployment insurance, free maintenance, and the five day week. They secured permission of the police to parade.
 On the appointed afternoon a handful of the unemployed turned

out to march under the leadership of the youthful Communists. The scene was exceedingly peaceful to the eyes of the 800 or 900 sightseers who had gathered to witness the proceedings, when five students who thought affairs had gone too far led about 50 others in an attack on the little parade and succeeded in stopping the demonstration.

In the college daily on the following morning appeared the statements of several of the leaders of the rioters. They were apparently not rowdies out for excitement, but men who resented the presence of the Communistic group because they feared that the University's reputation would become besmirched. The following is a typical quotation:

"The United States at large considers the University of Wisconsin an I. W. W. radical institution, and since there is no way of stopping these half-baked, not-yet-dry-behind-the-ear kids like David Gordon from giving us a bad name, a group of us decided to take the matter in hand."

This attitude did not go unchallenged, however. The *Daily Cardinal* featured on the front page the next day a caustic editorial which said in part:

"These men are our best clowns of the year. They must not go unsung. Unsolicited . . . they have taken upon themselves the arduous but glorious task of making the University safe for patriotism. . . . It is comforting evidence of our complete conformity that we have among us such buffoons."

On the day following the affair a group of students who had no Communist connections decided to hold a mass meeting protesting against the student lawlessness and to uphold the right of free speech and free assemblage. When the hour for the meeting arrived 600 students, faculty members and townspeople crowded into the hall where they heard brief addresses given by two women students, two professors, and a college pastor. The audience was largely non-Communist but apparently in thorough accord with the purpose of the meeting.

The whole affair might seem merely a tempest in a teacup, but it may well be that the spirit of Fascism, unless rebuked wherever it arises, will loom to serious proportions in the future as it has from time to time in the past. As E. L. Meyer of the *Madison Capital Times* said: "The waves of lynching and suppressions that reach their crest in time of war have their inception in little eddies like these. Therefore the episode is not ludicrous but of enormous importance."

Madison, Wis.

GEORGE L. COLLINS

A Correction

IN the interests of accuracy we wish to correct two errors which crept into the article, *India and the Simon Commission*, by Richard B. Gregg, published in our July issue. In the introductory paragraph, which it was necessary to insert, the following sentence appeared: "After years of delay the Simon Commission, appointed by the British Government to investigate conditions in India and make recommendations for the future political status of that much harried land, has finally submitted the first volume of its report." It was our intention to imply that the delay existed on the part of the British Government, not the Simon Commission, and we regret that the sentence as published seems to convey the latter meaning.

The opening sentence of the next to the last paragraph of the article should have read: "The Simon Commission, as I see it, seems likely to become the symbol of self-justification by the British people in this crisis of their Empire." THE EDITORS

The Last Page

A JERSEY CITY minister has successfully withstood the efforts of golf enthusiasts to build a miniature golf course opposite his church. The argument he used to win over the city authorities was that the presence of the links would tend to "bring profanity to the very portals of the church."

If profanity is wrong, then I should think the clergyman would really welcome the golf course as a golden opportunity. Surely the function of the church is not to pull away from wrongdoing?

As a matter of fact, I think the minister's case was specious. Profanity may mean almost anything, according to your own definition. I never like to treat any revered name lightly, though I refuse to worry over the stability of deity against the misuse of language. But personally, I have been helped a great deal by the use of explosive speech, both in golf and religion. In fact, I know of a golf course with a so-called "pulpit tee." What could be more appropriate? That sort of combination ought to give golfers just the sense of soaring required for a corking drive. And a tee-pulpit would help many a preacher to lash out who now allows himself to be stymied by powerful obstacles in his congregation.

* * *

A NYHOW, a sliced drive or a missed putt can never rile me quite the way in which some churches can. After all, you don't expect too much of a golf ball, and probably we all expect too much of churches. However, don't give me the old argument that church people are only human. Some of them are; but a great many are hardly up to that level. For example, take the church people of Indianapolis. That is, *you* can take 'em; I wouldn't take 'em for a gift. Not, at least, if there's a shred of truth in the statement made by Chief Justice Benjamin F. Wiloughby of the Indiana Supreme Court in ruling on the plea of a Gary Negro girl who asserts she is being barred out of a school because of her race. The magistrate declared that she should not be barred from school, for that would be a violation of the law. He held, however, that there is nothing in the Fourteenth Amendment guaranteeing equal rights to colored people. "Negroes are barred," said the Judge, "in all the hotels, churches and theatres of Indianapolis."

And some ministers worry about profanity! As for Eccentricus, he sometimes worries far more about the lack of it.

* * *

"FOR SALE. Fine old large medals. U. S. and Foreign, all real medals, no junk, fine, rare. Ten different for \$1.75."

Less than a week before coming upon this advertisement in the catalog of a curio dealer, I spent half an hour examining a window in the City of Brotherly Love. The window contained relics of wars and wars—guns, swords, and not least, medals. There they were, priced from many dollars apiece for the hard-to-get ones, going back many years, to cheap ones, salable in dozen lots at almost anything, from the World War and other not remote conflicts. Long have I doubted whether plays which exhibit the horror of war will do a great deal to frighten people from battle. But I am certain that were some shrewd pacifist to invest in a few thousand of these rewards for valor—these supposedly coveted marks of distinction in the game of slaughter—and take them around selling them for almost nothing on street corners and in

workshops, he would do a great deal to acquaint the rising generation with the futility, stupidity and bosh of warfare.

* * *

THE apotheosis of national sensitivity was reached in Germany not long ago when a film was barred because it showed cats decked out in Prussian-appearing helmets engaged in combat with an army of mice. It was a cartoon comedy. I am just one of those inquisitive natures that want to know what the mice wore, and why the Germans could object so long as the helmets got the preferred position. Just by chance, killing an hour with the kiddies (or killing the kiddies with an hour—you never know which it's going to be) I saw this film. Yes, the felines got licked. No worshipper of helmets or military insignia, in Germany or elsewhere, will ever stand for that. Just let our movie characters be on the winning side, and we'll let 'em put helmets on polecats. (Not, of course, that this would do any good.)

* * *

THANKS to one of the unemployed, there comes to me a clipping from *The Christian Science Sentinel*. It is written by Svend Pontoppidan Broby. I don't know Mr. Broby. But I know this argument on unemployment, and it is old. Let's have a little of it:

When a problem of unemployment presents itself to a Christian Scientist for solution, he knows that it is a belief of lack which is manifesting itself. The understanding of the completeness and perfection of God's universe, including man, and the realization of spiritual man's eternal sonship with God, good, is brought to bear on the question; and since nothing exists outside the infinitude of God's creation, the clear realization of this truth destroys the mist or darkness which would obscure thought in regard to the question at hand.

I have never poked fun in this place at any religious or economic or social group by itself, nor do I do so now; yet all I need to do is to show to what magnificent lengths of true thought, devoid of mist or darkness, this recipe for the good life among the workers out of jobs, can actually go:

The problem of lack in any direction may sometimes be traced to a belief that we can be disobedient to divine law, and yet work out our salvation. Through experience we learn how impossible this is. . . . Let us consecrate our time to doing good; let us show charity towards the poor and the sorrowing hearts; let us show gentleness in our dealings with those who do not agree with us; let us pray for those who would oppose us; and let us keep obeying the leading and heavenly inspiration, the inspiration which has come to us through our beloved Leader, who has restored the truth of Christian healing. Then, no good thing shall we lack.

I have never yet believed the Bolshevik slogan in just the way they put it; but I am indeed prepared to concede that rather often opium is the religion of the people.

* * *

SAYS our federal Commissioner of Education, William John Cooper, "Astounding is the fact that all the other countries in the world combined have not so many college students as the United States."

Shucks, there's nothing astounding about that. The United States has most of the raccoons.

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"World wide chaos, and there, across the courtyard, the new generation drilling, marching, marching! Will nothing stop it? Shall we never learn? Must we go on, to the end of time, with bands and banners flying, marching, marching, over our heaped-up dead, into new futility, new agony, horror, and destruction! God—I Close that window! I want to shut it out!"

CHANNING POLLOCK—American Dramatist

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